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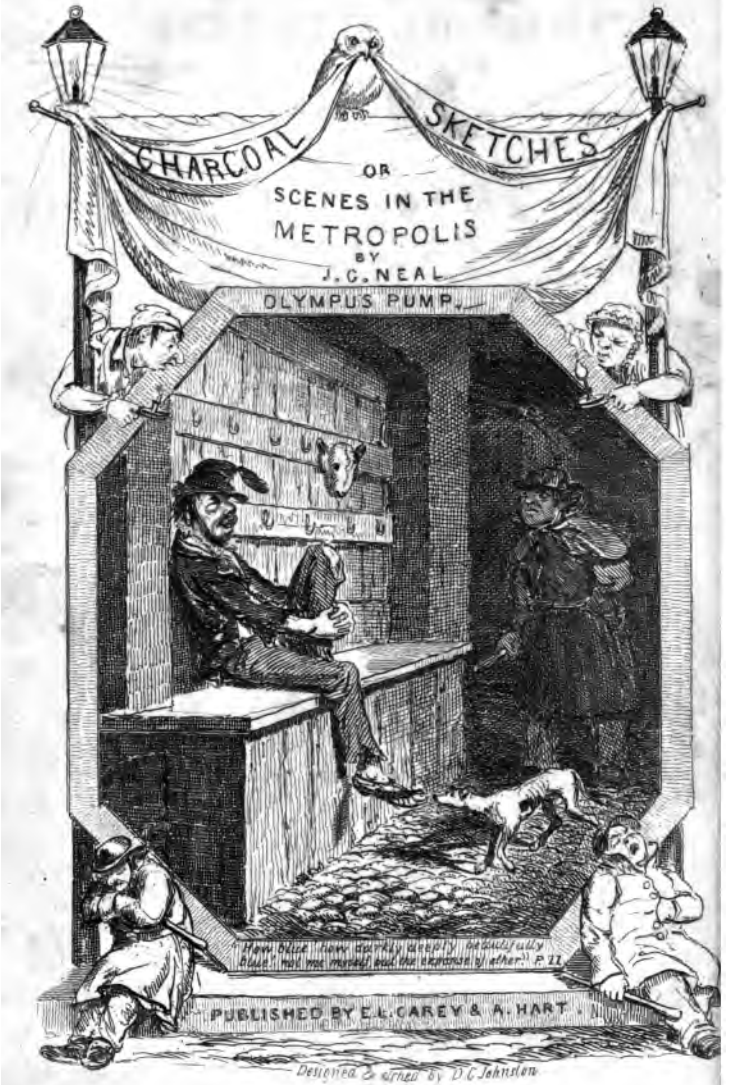
CHARCOAL SKETCHES
OR
SCENES IN THE
METROPOLIS
BY
J. C. NEAL
OLYMPUS PUMP
PUBLISHED BY E. L. CAREY & A. HART
Designed & drawn by D. C. Johnston

CHARCOAL SKETCHES;

OR,

SCENES IN A METROPOLIS.

BY

JOSEPH C. NEAL.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID C. JOHNSTON.

SECOND EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:
E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.
1838.

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INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the publications of late years, we have Pencil Sketches, Crayon Sketches, Pen and Ink Drawings, Pencillings by the Way, and other works deriving their titles from the pursuits of the draughtsman. To avoid plagiarism, therefore, while following the fashion, this humble volume is presented bearing the unambitious name which heads its pages. There is certainly nothing very imposing about it; but charcoal has its uses and its capabilities; and the sketcher is content if he has been able even to approach any of the broad effects which can be dashed off by the aid of an article so homely.

A number of the trifles contained in the volume are familiar to newspaper readers, under the general title of "C[illegible]orthies." Although mere fancy portraits, farcical in their nature, and written for a temporary purpose, they were received with such unexpected favour as to induce their publication in the present form. The collection also comprises

other sketches which at least have novelty on their side, if "worthy" of no other credit.

But whether the letter-press be amusing or not, the illustrations by Johnston are replete with humour and graphic skill. They who yawn in the perusal of our pages, can therefore turn for refreshment to the comicalities of the etcher, and excuse the dulness perpetrated by the pen, in laughing over the quaint characteristics embodied by our American Cruikshank.

Trusting that some portion of the Charcoal Sketches may be well received, they are now committed to the reader. If he will not smile, the writer has laboured in vain; and if he frown, there is no remedy but submission. To avoid mistake, however, and to borrow a hint from the familiar story of the painter who was advised to place beneath his pictures the name of the object he wished to represent, it may not be amiss to state that these productions involve a design upon the risibles of the "pensive public." Should there be a failure in our deep intent, it adds another to the long list of cases wherein the will has been unable to achieve the deed.

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CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

OLYMPUS PUMP;

OR, THE POETIC TEMPERAMENT.

It is said that poetry is on the decline, and that as man surrounds himself with artificial comforts, and devotes his energies to purposes of practical utility, the sphere of imagination becomes circumscribed, and the worship of the Muses is neglected. We are somewhat disposed to assent to this conclusion; the more from having remarked the fact that the true poetic temperament is not so frequently met with as it was a few years since, and that the outward marks of genius daily become more rare. Where the indications no longer exist, or where they gradually disappear, it is but fair to conclude that the thing itself is perishing. There are, it is true, many delightful versifiers at the present moment, but we fear that though they display partial evidences of inspiration upon paper, the scintillations are deceptive. Their conduct seldom exhibits sufficient proof that they are touched with the celestial fire, to justify the public in regarding them as the genuine article. Judging from the rules formerly considered absolute upon this point, it is altogether preposterous for your happy, well-behaved, well-dressed, smoothly-shaved gentleman, who pays his debts,

and submits quietly to the laws framed for the government of the uninspired part of society, to arrogate to himself a place in the first rank of the sons of genius, whatever may be his merits with the gray goose quill. There is something defective about him. The divine *afflatus* has been denied, and though he may flap his wings, and soar as high as the house-tops, no one can think him capable of cleaving the clouds, and of playing hide and seek among the stars. Even if he were to do so, the spectator would either believe that his eyes deceived him, or that the successful flight was accidental, and owing rather to a temporary density of the atmosphere than to a strength of pinion.

The true poetic temperament of the old school is a gift as fatal, as that of being able to sing a good song is to a youth with whom the exercise of the vocal organ is not a profession. It was—and to a certain extent is—an axiom, that an analogy almost perfect exists between the poet and the dolphin. To exhibit their beautiful hues they must both be on the broad road to destruction. We are fully aware that it has been supposed by sceptical spirits that there is some confusion of cause and effect in arriving at this conclusion,—that there is no sufficient reason that genius should be a bad citizen. The existence of an irresistible impulse to break the shackles of conventionalism has been doubted by the heterodox. They declare that a disposition to do so is felt by most men, and that aberrations are indulged in, partly from a principle of imitation, because certain shining lights have thought proper to render themselves as conspicuous for their eccentricities as for their genius, and chiefly from a belief that society expects such wanderings, and regards them with lenity. But analysis is not our forte, even if we were disposed to cavil at such convenient things as

lumping generalities. Your inquiring philosophers are troublesome fellows, and while we content ourselves with the bare fact, let them seek *rerum cognoscere causas.*

It is, however, a satisfaction to know that the full-blooded merino is not yet quite extinct. Olympus Pump is the personification of the temperament of which we speak. Had there been a little less of the divine essence of poesy mingled with the clay of which he is composed, it would have been better for him. The crockery of his moral constitution would have been the more adapted to the household uses of this kitchen world. But Pump delights in being the pure porcelain, and would scorn the admixture of that base alloy, which, while it might render him more useful, would diminish his ornamental qualities. He proudly feels that he was intended to be a mantel embellishment to bear bouquets, not a mere utensil for the scullery; and that he is not now fulfilling his destiny, arises solely from the envy and uncharitableness of those gross and malignant spirits with which the world abounds. Occupied continually in his mental laboratory, fabricating articles which he finds unsaleable, and sometimes stimulating his faculties with draughts of Scheidam, the "true Hippocrene," he slips from station to station, like a child tumbling down stairs; and now, having arrived at the lowest round of fortune's ladder, he believes it was envy that tugged at his coat tails, and caused his descent, and that the human race are a vast band of conspirators. There are no Mæcenases in these modern times to help those who will not help themselves; no, not even a Capel Lofft, to cheer the Pumps of the nineteenth century. No kindly arm toils at the handle: and if he flows, each Pump must pump for himself. Such, at least, is the conclusion at which Olym-

pus has arrived, and he has melancholy reasons for believing that in his instance he is correct. Thus, while his mind is clothing its varied fancies in rich attire, and his exulting spirit is gambolling and luxuriating in the clover and timothy of imagination's wide domain, or drinking fairy Champagne and eating canvass-back ducks in air-drawn palaces, his outward man is too frequently enduring the sad reverse of these unreal delights. He may often be seen, when the weather is cold, leaning his back against a post on the sunny side of the street; his hands, for lack of coin, filling his roomy pockets; his curious toes peeping out at crannies to see the world; an indulgence extended to them by few but the Pump family; and his elbows and knees following the example of his lower extremities. Distress, deep thought, or some other potent cause has transplanted the roses from the garden of his cheek to that no longer sterile promontory his nose, while his chin shows just such a stubble as would be invaluable for the polishing brush of a boot-black.

But luckily the poetic temperament has its compensations. When not too much depressed, Olympus Pump has a world of his own within his cranium; a world which should be a model for that without,—a world in which there is nothing to do, and every thing to get for the asking. If in his periods of intellectual abstraction, the external atmosphere should nip his frame, the high price of coal affects him not. In the palace of the mind, fuel costs nothing, and he can there toast himself brown free of expense. Does he desire a tea-party?—the guests are in his noddle at his call, willing to stay, or ready to depart, at his command, without "standing on the order of their going;" and the imagined tables groan with viands which wealth might exhaust itself to procure.

Does he require sweet music?—the poetic fancy can perform an opera, or manufacture hosts of Frank Johnsons in the twinkling of an eye; and the celestial creatures, who waltz and *gallope* in the spacious *salons* of his brain-pan, are endowed with loveliness which reality can never parallel.

With such advantages, Pump, much as he grumbles, would not exchange the coruscations of his genius, which flicker and flare like the aurora borealis, for a "whole wilderness" of comfort, if it were necessary that he should entertain dull, plodding thoughts, and make himself "generally useful." Can he not, while he warms his fingers at the fire of imagination, darn his stockings and patch his clothes with the needle of his wit; wash his linen and his countenance in the waters of Helicon; and, sitting on the peak of Parnassus, devour imaginary fried oysters with Apollo and the Muses?

But either "wool gathering" is not very profitable, or else the envy of which Pump complains is stronger than ever; for not long since, after much poetic idleness, and a protracted frolic, he was seen, in the witching time of night, sitting on a stall in the new market house, for the very sufficient reason that he did not exactly know where else lodging proportioned to the state of his fiscal department could be found. He spoke:

"How blue! how darkly, deeply, beautifully blue!—not me myself, but the expanse of ether. The stars wink through the curtain of the air, like a fond mother to her drowsy child, as much as to say hush-a-by-baby to a wearied world. In the moon's mild rays even the crags of care like sweet rock-candy shine. Night is a Carthagenian Hannibal to sorrow, melting its Alpine steeps, whilst buried hope pops up revived and cracks its rosy shins. Day may serve to light sordid man to

his labours; it may be serviceable to let calabashes and squashes see how to grow; but the poetic soul sparkles beneath the stars. Genius never feels its oats until after sunset; twilight applies the spanner to the fireplug of fancy to give its bubbling fountains way; and midnight lifts the sluices for the cataracts of the heart, and cries, 'Pass on the water!' Yes, and economically considered, night is this world's Spanish cloak; for no matter how dilapidated or festooned one's apparel may be, the loops and windows cannot be discovered, and we look as elegant and as beautiful as get out. Ah!" continued Pump, as he gracefully reclined upon the stall, "it's really astonishing how rich I am in the idea line to-night. But it's no use. I've got no pencil—not even a piece of chalk to write 'em on my hat for my next poem. It's a great pity ideas are so much of the soap-bubble order, that you can't tie 'em up in a pocket handkerchief, like a half peck of potatoes, or string 'em on a stick like catfish. I often have the most beautiful notions scampering through my head with the grace, but alas! the swiftness too, of kittens—especially just before I get asleep—but they're all lost for the want of a trap; an intellectual figgery four. I wish we could find out the way of sprinkling salt on their tails, and make 'em wait till we want to use 'em. Why can't some of the meaner souls invent an idea catcher for the use of genius? I'm sure they'd find it profitable, for I wouldn't mind owing a man twenty dollars for one myself. Oh, for an idea catcher!"

Owen Glendower failed in calling up spirits, but the eloquence of Pump was more efficacious. In the heavy shadow of a neighbouring pile of goods a dark mass appeared to detach itself, as if a portion of the gloom had suddenly become animated. It stepped forth in the

likeness of a man, mysteriously wrapped up, whose eyes glared fiercely, and with a sinister aspect, as he advanced towards the poet. Pump stared in silence—he felt like an idea, and as if the catcher were close at hand, ready to pounce upon it. "Catching the idea" for once seemed a disagreeable operation. The parties confronted each other for a time without saying a word. A cloud hurrying across the moon lent additional terror to the scene, and the unknown, to Pump's astonished vision, appeared to swell to a supernatural size. The stranger, at last, waved his arm, hemmed thrice, and in the deep, decisive tones of one used to command, said:

"It's not a new case—it's been decided frequent. It's clearly agin the ordination made and provided, and it's likewise agin the act"—

"Ah me! what act?" ejaculated the astonished Pump.

"To fetch yourself to anchor on the stalls. It isn't what the law considers pooty behaviour, and no gemman would be cotched at it. To put the case, now, would it be genteel for a man to set on the table at dinner-time? Loafing on the stalls is jist as bad as rolling among the dishes."

"Oh, is that all? I'm immersed in poetic conceptions; I'm holding sweet communion with my own desolate affections. Leave me, leave me to the luxuriance of imagination; suffer me, as it were, to stray through the glittering realms of fancy."

"What! on a mutton butcher's shambles? Bless you, I can't think of it for a moment. My notions is rigid, and if I was to find my own daddy here, I'd rouse him out. You must tortle off, as fast as you kin. If your tongue wasn't so thick, I'd say you must mosey; but moseying is only to be done when a gemman's half shot;

when they're gone cases, we don't expect 'em to do more nor tortle."

"Excuse me—I don't see that it makes much difference to you whether I am qualified to mosey, or am only capable of the more dignified method of locomotion, which you call to tortle. But don't disturb me. The moon has resuscitated my fancy, and I feel as if I would shortly compose an ode to Nox and Erebus."

"Compose what's owed to Messrs. Nox and Erebus! Yes, I thought you were one of that sort what makes compositions when they owe any thing. Precious little Nox and Erebus will get out of you. But come, hop the twig!" So saying, the relentless guardian of the night seized the hapless Pump by the collar, and began to remove him.

"Now, don't—don't be gross and muscular. I'm an oppressed man, with no friend but my coat, and both my coat and myself are remarkable for fragility of constitution. We are free souls, vibrating on the breath of the circumambient atmosphere, and by long companionship, our sympathies are so perfect, that if you pull hard you'll produce a pair of catastrophes; while you tear the one, you'll discombobberate the nerves of the other."

"Well, I'm be blamed!" said the watch, recoiling, "did you ever hear the likes of that? Why, aunty, ain't you a noncompusser?"

"I'm a poet, and it's my fate not to be understood either by the world in general, or by Charleys in particular. The one knocks us down, and the others take us up. Between the two, we are knocked about like a ball, until we become unravelled, and perish."

"I don't want to play shinney with you, no how—why don't you go home?"

"The bottle is empty; the bill unpaid; landlords are

vulgar realities—mere matters of fact—and very apt to vituperate."

"Well, it's easy enough to work, get money, fill the bottle, and pay the gemman what you owes him."

"I tell you again you can't understand the poetic soul. It cannot endure the scorn and contumelies of the earthly. It cannot submit to toil under a taskmaster, and when weaving silver tissues of romance, be told to jump about spry and 'tend the shop. Nor, when it meets congenial spirits, can it leave the festive board, because the door is to be locked at ten o'clock, and there isn't any dead latch to it. The delicate excesses into which it leads us, to repair the exhaustion of hard thought, compel us to sojourn long in bed, and even that is registered by fip-and-levy boobies as a sin. At the present moment, I am falling a victim to these manifold oppressions of the unintellectual."

"Under the circumstances, then, what do you say to being tuck up?"

"Is it optional?"

"I don't know; but it's fineable, and that's as good."

"Then I decline the honour."

"No, you don't. I only axed out of manners. You must rise up, William Riley, and come along with me, as the song says."

"I suppose I must, whether I like the figure or not. Alack, and alas for the poetic temperament! Must the Æolian harp of genius be so rudely swept by a Charley—must that harp, as I may say, play mere banjo jigs, when it should only respond in Lydian measures to the southern breezes of palpitating imagination? To what base uses"—

"Hurrah! Keep a toddling—pull foot and away!"

Olympus obeyed; for who can control his fate?

'TIS ONLY MY HUSBAND.*

"GOODNESS, Mrs. Pumpilion, it's a gentleman's voice, and me such a figure!" exclaimed Miss Amanda Corntop, who had just arrived in town to visit her friend, Mrs. Pumpilion, whom she had not seen since her marriage.

"Don't disturb yourself, dear," said Mrs. Pumpilion, quietly, "it's nobody—'tis only my husband. He'll not come in; but if he does, 'tis only my husband."

So Miss Amanda Corntop was comforted, and her agitated arrangements before the glass being more coolly completed, she resumed her seat and the interrupted conversation. Although, as a spinster, she had a laudable and natural unwillingness to be seen by any of the masculine gender in that condition so graphically described as "such a figure," yet there are degrees in this unwillingness. It is by no means so painful to be caught a figure by a married man as it is to be surprised by a youthful bachelor; and, if the former be of that peculiar class known as "only my husband," his unexpected arrival is of very little consequence. He can never more, "like an eagle in a dove cote, flutter the Volsces."

* It may not be amiss to state that the mere conclusion of the above sketch, hastily thrown off by the same pen, appeared in one of our periodicals a few years ago, and, much mutilated and disfigured, has since been republished in the newspapers, with an erroneous credit, and under a different name.

It is, therefore, evident that there exists a material difference between "my husband" and "only my husband;" a difference not easily expressed, though perfectly understood; and it was that understanding which restored Miss Amanda Corntop to her pristine tranquillity.

"Oh!" said Miss Corntop, when she heard that the voice in question was that of Mr. Pumpilion. "Ah!" added Miss Corntop, intelligently and composedly, when she understood that Pumpilion was "only my husband." She had not paid much attention to philology, but she was perfectly aware of the value of that diminutive prefix "only."

"I told you he would not come in, for he knew there was some one here," continued Mrs. Pumpilion, as the spiritless footsteps of "only my husband" passed the door, and slowly plodded up stairs. He neither came in, nor did he hum, whistle, or bound three steps at a time; "only my husband" never does. He is simply a transportation line; he conveys himself from place to place according to order, and indulges not in episodes and embellishments.

Poor Pedrigo Pumpilion! Have all thy glories shrunk to this little measure? Only my husband! Does that appellation circumscribe him who once found three chairs barely sufficient to accommodate his frame, and who, in promenading, never skulked to the curb or hugged the wall, but, like a man who justly appreciated himself, took the very middle of the *trottoir*, and kept it?

The amiable, but now defunct, Mrs. Anguish was never sure that she was perfectly well, until she had shaken her pretty head to ascertain if some disorder were not lying in ambush, and to discover whether a headache were not latent there, which, if not nipped in the bud, might be suddenly and inconveniently brought into

action. It is not too much to infer that the same reasoning, which applies to headaches and to the physical constitution, may be of equal force in reference to the moral organization. Headaches being latent, it is natural to suppose that the disposition to be "only my husband" may likewise be latent, even in him who is now as fierce and as uncontrollable as a volcano; while the desire to be "head of the bureau" may slumber in the mildest of the fair. It is by circumstance alone that talent is developed; the razor itself requires extraneous aid to bring it to an edge; and the tact to give direction, as well as the facility to obey, wait to be elicited by events. Both grey-mareism and Jerry-Sneakery are sometimes latent, and like the derangements of Mrs. Anguish's caput, only want shaking to manifest themselves. If some are born to command, others must certainly have a genius for submission—we term it a genius, submission being in many cases rather a difficult thing.

That this division of qualities is full of wisdom, none can deny. It requires both flint and steel to produce a spark; both powder and ball to do execution; and, though the Chinese contrive to gobble an infinity of rice with chopsticks, yet the twofold operation of knife and fork conduces much more to the comfort of a dinner. Authority and obedience are the knife and fork of this extensive banquet, the world; they are the true *divide et impera;* that which is sliced off by the one is harpooned by the other.

In this distribution, however, nature, when the "latents" are made apparent, very frequently seems to act with caprice. It is by no means rare to find in the form of a man, a timid, retiring, feminine disposition, which, in the rough encounters of existence, gives way at once, as if, like woman, "born to be controlled." The propor-

tions of a Hercules, valenced with the whiskers of a tiger, often cover a heart with no more of energy and boldness in its pulsations than the little palpitating affair which throbs in the bosom of a maiden of bashful fifteen; while many a lady fair, before marriage—the latent condition—all softness and graceful humility, bears within her breast the fiery resolution and the indomitable will of an Alexander, a Hannibal, or a Doctor Francia. The temperament which, had she been a man, would, in an extended field, have made her a conqueror of nations, or, in a more contracted one, a distinguished thief-catching police officer, by being lodged in a female frame renders her a Xantippe—a Napoleon of the fireside, and pens her hapless mate, like a conquered king, a spiritless captive in his own chimney corner.

But it is plain to be seen that this apparent confusion lies only in the distribution. There are souls enough of all kinds in the world, but they do not always seem properly fitted with bodies; and thus a corporal construction may run the course of life actuated by a spirit in every respect opposed to its capabilities; as at the breaking up of a crowded *soirée*, a little head waggles home with an immense castor, while a pumpkin pate sallies forth surmounted by a thimble; which, we take it, is the only philosophical theory which at all accounts for the frequent acting out of character with which society is replete.

Hence arises the situation of affairs with the Pumpilions. Pedrigo Pumpilion has the soul which legitimately appertains to his beloved Seraphina Serena, while Seraphina Serena Pumpilion has that which should animate her Pedrigo. But, not being profound in their researches, they are probably not aware of the fact, and

perhaps would not know their own souls if they were to meet them in the street; although, in all likelihood, it was a mysterious sympathy—a yearning of each physical individuality to be near so important a part of itself, which brought this worthy pair together.

Be that, however, as it may, it is an incontrovertible fact that, before they did come together, Pedrigo Pumpilion thought himself quite a model of humanity; and piqued himself upon possessing much more of the *fortiter in re* than of the *suaviter in modo*—a mistake, the latter quality being latent, but abundant. He dreamed that he was brimming with valour, and fit, not only to lead squadrons to the field, but likewise to remain with them when they were there. At the sound of drums and trumpets, he perked up his chin, stuck out his breast, straightened his vertebral column, and believed that he, Pedrigo, was precisely the individual to storm a fortress at the head of a forlorn hope—a greater mistake. But the greatest error of the whole troop of blunders was his making a Pumpilion of Miss Seraphina Serena Dolce, with the decided impression that he was, while sharing his kingdom, to remain supreme in authority. Knowing nothing of the theory already broached, he took her for a feminine feminality, and yielded himself a victim to sympathy and the general welfare. Now, in this, strictly considered, Pedrigo had none but himself to blame; he had seen manifestations of her spirit; the latent energy had peeped out more than once; he had entered unexpectedly, before being installed as "only my husband," and found Miss Seraphina dancing the grand rigadoon on a luckless bonnet which did not suit her fancy,—a species of exercise whereat he marvelled; and he had likewise witnessed her performance of the remarkable feat of whirling a cat, which had scratched her hand, across the

room by the tail, whereby the mirror was infinitesimally divided into homœopathic doses, and whereby pussy, the patient, was most allopathically phlebotomised and scarified. He likewise knew that her musical education terminated in an operatic crash, the lady having in a fit of impatience demolished the guitar over the head of her teacher; but, in this instance, the mitigating plea must be allowed that it was done because the instrument "wouldn't play good," a perversity to which instruments, like lessons "which won't learn," are lamentably liable.

These little escapades, however, did not deter Pumpilion. Confiding in his own talent for governing, he liked his Seraphina none the less for her accidental displays of energy, and smiled to think how, under his administration, his reproving frown would cast oil upon the waves, and how, as he repressed her irritability, he would develope her affections, results which would both save the crockery and increase his comforts.

Of the Pumpilion *tactique* in courtship some idea may be formed from the following conversation. Pedrigo had an intimate associate, some years his senior,—Mr. Michael Mitts, a spare and emaciated bachelor, whose hawk nose, crookedly set on, well represented the eccentricity of his conclusions, while the whistling pucker in which he generally wore his mouth betokened acidity of mind rendered sourer by indecision. Mitts was addicted to observation, and, engaged in the drawing of inferences and in generalizing from individual instances, he had, like many others, while trimming the safety lamp of experience, suffered the time of action to pass by unimproved. His cautiousness was so great as to trammel up his "motive power," and, though long intending to marry, the best part of his life had evaporated

in the unproductive employment of "looking about." His experience, therefore, had stored him with that species of wisdom which one meets with in theoretical wooers, and he had many learned saws at the service of those who were bolder than himself, and were determined to enter the pale through which he peeped.

As every one in love must have a confidant, Pedrigo had selected Mitts for that office, knowing his peculiar talent for giving advice, and laying down rules for others to act upon.

"Pedrigo," said Mitts, as he flexed his nose still further from the right line of conformity to the usages of the world, and slacked the drawing strings of his mouth to get it out of pucker; "Pedrigo, if you are resolved upon marrying this identical individual—I don't see the use, for my part, of being in a hurry—better look about a while; plenty more of 'em—but if you are resolved, the first thing to be done is to make sure of her. That's undeniable. The only difference of opinion, if you won't wait and study character—character's a noble study—is as to the *modus operandi*. Now, the lady's not sure because she's committed; just the contrary,—that's the very reason she's not sure. My experience shows me that when it's not so easy to retract, the attention, especially that of young women, is drawn to retraction. Somebody tells of a bird in a cage that grumbled about being cooped up. It's clear to me that the bird did not complain so much because it was in the cage, as it did because it couldn't get out—that's bird nature, and it's human nature too."

"Ah, indeed!" responded Pumpilion, with a smile of confidence in his own attractions, mingled, however, with a look which spoke that the philosophy of Mitts,

having for its object to render "assurance double sure," did not pass altogether unheeded.

"It's a fact," added Mitts; "don't be too secure. Be as assiduous and as mellifluous as you please before your divinity owns the soft impeachment; but afterwards comes the second stage, and policy commands that it should be one rather of anxiety to her. You must every now and then play Captain Grand, or else she may perform the part herself. Take offence frequently; vary your Romeo scenes with an occasional touch of the snow storm, and afterwards excuse yourself on the score of jealous affection; that excuse always answers. Nothing sharpens love like a smart tiff by way of embellishment. The sun itself would not look so bright if it were not for the intervention of night; and these little agitations keep her mind tremulous, but intent upon yourself. Don't mothers always love the naughtiest boys best? haven't the worst men always the best wives? That exemplifies the principle; there's nothing like a little judicious bother. Miss Seraphina Serena will never change her mind if bothered scientifically."

"Perhaps so; but may it not be rather dangerous?"

"Dangerous! not at all; it's regular practice, I tell you. A few cases may terminate unluckily; but that must be charged to a bungle in the doctor. Why, properly managed, a courtship may be continued, like a nervous disease, or a suit at law, for twenty years, and be as good at the close as it was at the beginning. In nine cases out of ten, you must either perplex or be perplexed; so you had better take the sure course, and play the game yourself. Them's my sentiments, Mr. Speaker," and Michael Mitts caused his lithe proboscis to oscillate like a rudder, as he concluded his oracular speech, and puckered his mouth to the whistling place to show that

he had "shut up" for the present. He then walked slowly away, leaving Pumpilion with a "new wrinkle."

Seraphina Serena, being both fiery and coquettish withal, Pumpilion, under the direction of his preceptor, tried the "Mitts system of wooing," and although it gave rise to frequent explosions, yet the quarrels, whether owing to the correctness of the system or not, were productive of no lasting evil. Michael Mitts twirled his nose and twisted his mouth in triumph at the wedding; and set it down as an axiom that there is nothing like a little insecurity for rendering parties firm in completing a bargain; that, had it not been for practising the system, Pumpilion might have become alarmed at the indications of the "latent spirit;" and that, had it not been for the practice of the system, Seraphina's fancy might have strayed.

"I'm an experimenter in mental operations, and there's no lack of subjects," said Mitts to himself; "one fact being established, the Pumpilions now present a new aspect."

There is, however, all the difference in the world between carrying on warfare where you may advance and retire at pleasure, and in prosecuting it in situations which admit of no retreat. Partisan hostilities are one thing, and regular warfare is another. Pumpilion was very well as a guerilla, but his genius in that respect was unavailing when the nature of the campaign did not admit of his making an occasional demonstration, and of evading the immediate consequences by a retreat. In a very few weeks, he was reduced to the ranks as "only my husband," and, although no direct order of the day was read to that effect, he was "respected accordingly." Before that retrograde promotion took place, Pedrigo

Pumpilion cultivated his hair, and encouraged its sneaking inclination to curl until it woollied up quite fiercely; but afterwards his locks became broken-heartedly pendent, and straight with the weight of care, while his whiskers hung back as if asking counsel and comfort from his ears. He twiddled his thumbs with a slow rotary motion as he sat, and he carried his hands clasped behind him as he walked, thus intimating that he couldn't help it, and that he didn't mean to try. For the same reason, he never buttoned his coat, and wore no straps to the feet of his trousers; both of which seemed too energetically resolute for "only my husband.' Even his hat, as it sat on the back part of his head, looked as if Mrs. Pumpilion had put it on for him, (no one but the wearer can put on a hat so that it will sit naturally,) and as if he had not nerve enough even to shake it down to its characteristic place and physiognomical expression. His *personnel* loudly proclaimed that the Mitts method in matrimony had been a failure, and that the Queen had given the King a check-mate. Mrs. Pumpilion had been triumphant in acting upon the advice of her friend, the widow, who, having the advantage of Mitts in combining experience with theory, understood the art of breaking husbands *à merveille.*

"My dear madam," said Mrs. Margery Daw, "you have plenty of spirit; but spirit is nothing without steadiness and perseverance. In the establishment of authority and in the assertion of one's rights, any intermission before success is complete requires us to begin again. If your talent leads you to the weeping method of softening your husband's heart, you will find that if you give him a shower now and a shower then, he will harden in the intervals between the rain; while a good sullen cry of twenty-four hours' length may prevent any necessity

for another. If, on the contrary, you have genius for the tempestuous, continued thunder and lightning for the same length of time is irresistible. Gentlemen are great swaggerers, if not impressively dealt with and early taught to know their places. They are much like Frisk," continued the widow, addressing her lap-dog. "If they bark, and you draw back frightened, they are sure to bite; stamp your foot, and they soon learn to run into a corner. Don't they, Frisky dear?"

"Ya-p!" responded the dog: and Mrs. Pumpilion, tired of control, took the concurrent advice.

* * * * *

"To-morrow," said Pumpilion, carelessly and with an of-course-ish air, as he returned to tea from a stroll with his friend Michael Mitts, who had just been urging upon him the propriety of continuing the Mitts method after marriage, "to-morrow, my love, I leave town for a week to try a little trout fishing in the mountains."

"Mr. Pumpilion!" ejaculated the lady, in an awful tone, as she suddenly faced him. "Fishing?"

"Y-e-e-yes," replied Pumpilion, somewhat discomposed.

"Then I shall go with you, Mr. Pumpilion," said the lady, as she emphatically split a muffin.

"Quite *on*possible," returned Pumpilion, with decisive stress upon the first syllable; "it's a buck party, if I may use the expression—a buck party entirely;—there's Mike Mitts, funny Joe Mungoozle—son of old Mungoozle's,—Tommy Titcomb, and myself. We intend having a rough and tumble among the hills to beneficialise our wholesomes, as funny Joe Mungoozle has it."

"Funny Joe Mungoozle is not a fit companion for any married man, Mr. Pumpilion; and it's easy to see, by your sliding back among the dissolute friends and disso-

lute practices of your bachelorship, Mr. Pumpilion—by your wish to associate with sneering and depraved Mungoozles, Mitts's, and Titcombs, Mr. Pumpilion, that the society of your poor wife is losing its attractions," and Mrs. Pumpilion sobbed convulsively at the thought.

"I have given my word to go a fishing," replied Pedrigo, rather ruefully, "and a fishing I must go. What would Mungoozle say?—why, he would have a song about it, and sing it at the 'free and easies.'"

"What matter? let him say—let him sing. But it's not my observations—it's those of funny Joe Mungoozle that you care for—the affections of the 'free and easy' carousers that you are afraid of losing."

"Mungoozle is a very particular friend of mine, Seraphina," replied Pedrigo, rather nettled. "We're going a fishing—that's flat!"

"Without me?"

"Without you,—it being a buck party, without exception."

Mrs. Pumpilion gave a shriek, and falling back, threw out her arms *fitfully*—the tea-pot went by the board, as she made the tragic movement.

"Wretched, unhappy woman!" gasped Mrs. Pumpilion, speaking of herself.

Pedrigo did not respond to the declaration, but alternately eyed the fragments of the tea-pot and the untouched muffin which remained on his plate. The *coup* had not been without its effect; but still he faintly whispered, "Funny Joe Mungoozle, and going a fishing."

"It's clear you wish to kill me—to break my heart," muttered the lady in a spasmodic manner.

"'Pon my soul, I don't—I'm only going a fishing."

"I shall go distracted!" screamed Mrs. Pumpilion, suiting the action to the word, and springing to her feet

in such a way as to upset the table, and roll its contents into Pedrigo's lap, who scrambled from the *debris*, as his wife, with the air of the Pythoness, swept rapidly round the room, whirling the ornaments to the floor, and indulging in the grand rigadoon upon their sad remains.

"You no longer love me, Pedrigo; and without your love what is life? What is this, or this, or this," continued she, a crash following every word, "without mutual affection?—Going a fishing!"

"I don't know that I am," whined Pumpilion. "Perhaps it will rain to-morrow."

Now it so happened that there were no clouds visible on the occasion, except in the domestic atmosphere; but, the rain was adroitly thrown in as a white flag, indicative of a wish to open a negotiation and come to terms. Mrs. Pumpilion, however, understood the art of war better than to treat with rebels with arms in their hands. Her military genius, no longer "latent," whispered her to persevere until she obtained a surrender at discretion.

"Ah, Pedrigo, you only say that to deceive your heart-broken wife. You intend to slip away—you and your Mungoozles—to pass your hours in roaring iniquity, instead of enjoying the calm sunshine of domestic peace, and the gentle delights of fireside felicity. They are too tame, too flat, too insipid for a depraved taste. That I should ever live to see the day!" and she relapsed into the intense style by way of a specimen of calm delight.

Mr. and Mrs. Pumpilion retired for the night at an early hour; but until the dawn of day, the words of reproach, now passionate, now pathetic, ceased not; and in the very gray of the morning, Mrs. P. marched down stairs *en dishabille*, still repeating ejaculations about the Mungoozle fishing party. What happened below is not

precisely ascertained; but there was a terrible turmoil in the kitchen, it being perfectly clear a whole "kettle of fish" was in preparation, that Pedrigo might not have the trouble of going to the mountains on a piscatorial expedition.

He remained seated on the side of the bed, like Marius upon the ruins of Carthage, meditating upon the situation of affairs, and balancing between a surrender to petticoat government and his dread of Mongoozle's song at the "free and easies." At length he slipped down. Mrs. Pumpilion sat glooming at the parlour window. Pedrigo tried to read the "Saturday News" upside down.

"Good morning, Mr. Pumpilion! Going a fishing, Mr. Pumpilion! Mike Mitts, funny Joe Mungoozle, and Tommy Titcomb must be waiting for you—you know," continued she with a mocking smile, "you're to go this morning to the mountains on a rough and tumble for the benefit of your wholesomes. The elegance of the phraseology is quite in character with the whole affair."

Pedrigo was tired out; Mrs. Margery Daw's perseverance prescription had been too much for the Mitts method; the widow had overmatched the bachelor.

"No, Seraphina my dearest, I'm not going a fishing, if you don't desire it, and I see you don't."

Not a word about its being likely to rain—the surrender was unconditional.

"But," added Pedrigo, "I should like to have a little breakfast."

Mrs. Pumpilion was determined to clinch the nail.

"There's to be no breakfast here—I've been talking to Sally and Tommy in the kitchen, and I verily believe the whole world's in a plot against me. They're gone, Mr. Pumpilion—gone a fishing, perhaps."

The battle was over—the victory was won—the nail was clinched. Tealess, sleepless, breakfastless, what could Pedrigo do but sue for mercy, and abandon a contest waged against such hopeless odds? The supplies being cut off, the siege-worn garrison must surrender. After hours of solicitation, the kiss of amity was reluctantly accorded; on condition, however, that "funny Joe Mungoozle" and the rest of the fishing party should be given up, and that he, Pedrigo, for the future should refrain from associating with bachelors and widowers, both of whom she *tabooed*, and consort with none but staid married men.

From this moment the individuality of that once free agent, Pedrigo Pumpilion, was sunk into "only my husband"—the humblest of all humble animals. He fetches and carries, goes errands, and lugs band-boxes and bundles; he walks the little Pumpilions up and down the room when they squall o' nights, and he never comes in when any of his wife's distinguished friends call to visit her. In truth, Pedrigo is not always in a presentable condition; for as Mrs. Pumpilion is *de facto* treasurer, he is kept upon rather short allowance, her wants being paramount and proportioned to the dignity of head of the family. But, although he is now dutiful enough, he at first ventured once or twice to be refractory. These symptoms of insubordination, however, were soon quelled—for Mrs. Pumpilion, with a significant glance, inquired,—

"*Are you going a fishing again, my dear?*"

ORSON DABBS, THE HITTITE.

It has been said, and truly, that it takes all sorts of people to make a world. He who complains of the lights and shades of character which are eternally flitting before him, and of the diversity of opposing interests which at times cross his path, has but an illiberal, contracted view of the subject; and though the Emperor Charles the Fifth, in his retirement at Estremadura, had some reason for being a little annoyed when he could not cause two or three score of watches to go together, yet he was wrong in sighing over his previous ineffectual efforts to make men think alike. It is, to speak figuratively, the clashing which constitutes the music. The harmony of the whole movement is produced by the fusion into each other of an infinite variety of petty discords; as a glass of punch depends for its excellence upon the skilful commingling of opposing flavours and antagonising materials. Were the passengers in a wherry to be of one mind, they would probably all sit upon the same side, and hence, naturally, pay a visit to the Davy Jones of the river; and if all the men of a nation thought alike, it is perfectly evident that the ship of state must lose her trim. The system of checks and balances pervades both the moral and the physical world, and without it, affairs would soon hasten to their end. It is, therefore, clear that we must have all sorts of people,—some to prevent stagnation, and others to act as ballast to an excess

of animation. The steam engines of humanity must have their breaks and their safety valves, and the dead weights of society require the whip and the spur.

Orson Dabbs certainly is entitled to a place among the stimulants of the world, and it is probable that in exercising his impulses, he produces beneficial effects. But it would puzzle a philosopher to designate the wholesome results which follow from his turbulent movements, or to show, either by synthesis or analysis, wherein he is a good. At all events, Orson Dabbs has the reputation of being a troublesome fellow in the circles upon which he inflicts himself; and, judging from the evidence elicited upon the subject, there is little reason to doubt the fact. He is dogmatical, and to a certain extent fond of argument; but when a few sharp words will not make converts, he abandons those windy weapons with contempt, and has recourse to more forcible persuaders—a pair of fists, each of which looks like a shoulder of mutton.

"If people are so obstinate that they won't, or so stupid that they can't understand you," observed Dabbs, in one of his confidential moments—for Orson Dabbs will sometimes unbend, and suffer those abstruse maxims which govern his conduct to escape—"if either for one reason or the other," continued he, with that impressive iteration which at once gives time to collect and marshal one's thoughts, and lets the listener know that something of moment is coming—"if they won't be convinced—easily and genteelly convinced—you must knock it into 'em short hand; if they can't comprehend, neither by due course of mail, nor yet by express, you must make 'em understand by telegraph. That's the way I learnt ciphering at school, and manners and genteel behaviour at home. All I know was walloped into me. I took

larnin' through the skin, and sometimes they made a good many holes to get it in."

"And," timidly interjected an humble admirer of this great man, hazarding a joke, with an insinuating smile; "and I s'pose you're so wise now because the hide growed over it, and the larnin' couldn't get out, like Ingey ink in a sailor's arm."

"Jeames," replied Orson Dabbs, relaxing into a grim smile, like that of the griffin face of a knocker, and shaking his "bunch of fives" sportively, as one snaps an unloaded gun—Napoleon tweaked the ears of his courtiers—why should not Dabbs shake his fist at his satellites?—"Jeames, if you don't bequit poking fun at me, I'll break your mouth, Jeames, as sure as you sit there. But, to talk sensible, walloping is the only way—it's a panacea for differences of opinion. You'll find it in history books, that one nation teaches another what it didn't know before by walloping it; that's the method of civilizing savages—the Romans put the whole world to rights that way; and what's right on the big figger must be right on the small scale. In short, there's nothing like walloping for taking the conceit out of fellows who think they know more than their betters. Put it to 'em strong, and make 'em see out of their eyes."

Orson Dabbs acts up to these golden maxims. Seeing that, from disputes between dogs up to quarrels between nations, fighting is the grand umpire and regulator, he resolves all power into that of the fist,—treating bribery, reason, and persuasion as the means only of those unfortunate individuals to whom nature has denied the stronger attributes of humanity. Nay, he even turns up his nose at betting as a means of discovering truth. Instead of stumping an antagonist by launching out his cash, Dabbs shakes a portentous fist under his nose, and

the affair is settled; the recusant must either knock under or be knocked down, which, according to our hero, is all the same in Dutch. In this way, when politics ran high, he used to decide who was to be elected to any specified office; and he has often boasted that he once, in less than five minutes too, scared a man into giving the Dabbs candidate a large majority, when the unfortunate stranger did not at first believe that the said candidate would be elected at all.

Some people believe that the fist is the poorest of arguments, and that it, therefore, should be the last. Here they are completely at issue with Dabbs, and it is well that they do not fall in his way, or he would soon show them the difference. With him it is what action was to the ancient orator, the first, the middle, and the last. Being himself, in a great measure, fist proof, he is very successful in the good work of proselytism, and has quite a reputation as a straightforward reasoner and a forcible dialectitian.

Misfortunes, however, will sometimes happen to the most successful. The loftiest nose may be brought to the grindstone, and the most scornful dog may be obliged to lunch upon dirty pudding. Who can control his fate? One night Mr. Dabbs came home from his "loafing" place—for he "loafs" of an evening, like the generality of people—that being the most popular and the cheapest amusement extant; and, from the way he blurted open the door of the Goose and Gridiron, where he resi[illegible] and from the more unequivocal manner in which he slam-med it after him, no doubt existed in the minds of his fellow boarders that the well of his good spirits had been "riled;" or, in more familiar phrase, that he was "spotty on the back." His hat was pitched forward, with a bloodthirsty, piratical rakishness, and almost

covered his eyes, which gleamed like ignited charcoal under a jeweller's blowpipe. His cheeks were flushed with an angry spot, and his nose—always a quarrelsome pug—curled more fiercely upward, as if the demon wrath had turned archer, and was using it for a bow to draw an arrow to its head. His mouth had set in opposition to his nasal promontory, and savagely curved downward, like a half-moon battery. Dabbs was decidedly out of sorts—perhaps beery, as well as wolfy; in short, in that unenviable state in which a man feels disposed to divide himself, and go to buffets—to kick himself with his own foot—to beat himself with his own fist, and to throw his own dinner out of the window.

The company were assembled round the fire to discuss politics, literature, men, and things. Dabbs looked not at them, but, slinging Tommy Timid's bull terrier Oseola out of the arm-chair in the corner, by the small stump of a tail which fashion and the hatchet had left the animal, he sat himself moodily down, with a force that made the timbers creak. The conversation was turning upon a recent brilliant display of the *aurora borealis*, which the more philosophical of the party supposed to arise from the north pole having become red-hot for want of grease; while they all joined in deriding the popular fallacy that it was caused by the high price of flour.

"Humph!" said Dabbs, with a grunt, "any fool might know that it was a sign of war."

"War!" ejaculated the party; "oh, your granny!"

"Yes, war!" roared Dabbs, kicking the bull terrier Oseola in the ribs, and striking the table a tremendous blow with his fist, as, with clenched teeth and out-poked head, he repeated, "War! war! war!"

Now the Goose and Gridiron fraternity set up for knowing geniuses, and will not publicly acknowledge

faith in the doctrines on meteorology broached by their grandmothers, whatever they may think in private. So they quietly remarked, confiding in their numbers against the Orson Dabbs method of conversion, that the aurora was not a sign of war, but an evidence of friction and of no grease on the axle of the world.

"That's a lie!" shouted Dabbs; "my story's the true one, for I read it in an almanac; and to prove it true, I'll lick anybody here that don't believe it, in two cracks of a cow's thumb. Yes," added he, in reply to the looks bent upon him; "I'll not only wallop them that don't believe it, but I'll wallop you all, whether you do or not!"

This, however, was a stretch of benevolence to which the company were not prepared to submit. As Dabbs squared off to proceed *secundum artem*, according to the approved method of the schools, the watchful astrologer might have seen his star grow pale. He had reached his Waterloo—that winter night was his 18th of June. He fell, as many have fallen before him, by that implicit reliance on his own powers which made him forgetful of the risk of encountering the long odds. The threat was too comprehensive, and the attempt at execution was a failure. The company cuffed him heartily, and in the fray the bull terrier Oseola vented its cherished wrath by biting a piece out of the fleshiest portion of his frame. Dabbs was ousted by a summary process, but his heart did not fail him. He thundered at the door, sometimes with his fists, and again with whatever missiles were within reach. The barking of the dog and the laughter from within, as was once remarked of certain military heroes, did not "intimate him in the least, it only estimated him."

The noise at last became so great that a watchman

finally summoned up resolution enough to come near, and to take Dabbs by the arm.

"Let go, watchy!—let go, my cauliflower! Your cocoa is very near a sledge-hammer. If it isn't hard, it may get cracked."

"Pooh! pooh! don't be onasy, my darlint—my cocoa is a corporation cocoa—it belongs to the city, and they'll get me a new one. Besides, my jewel, there's two cocoas standing here, you know. Don't be onasy—it mayn't be mine that will get cracked."

"I ain't onasy," said Dabbs, bitterly, as he turned fiercely round. "I ain't onasy. I only want to caution you, or I'll upset your apple cart, and spill your peaches."

"I'm not in the wegetable way, my own-self, Mr. Horse-radish. You must make less noise."

"Now, look here—look at me well," said Dabbs, striking his fist hard upon his own bosom; "I'm a real nine foot breast of a fellow—stub twisted and made of horse-shoe nails—the rest of me is cast iron with steel springs. I'll stave my fist right through you, and carry you on my elbow, as easily as if you were an empty market basket—I will—bile me up for soap if I don't!"

"Ah, indeed! why, you must be a real Calcutta-from-Canting, warranted not to cut in the eye. Snakes is no touch to you; but I'm sorry to say you must knuckle down close. You must surrender; there's no help for it—none in the world."

"Square yourself then, for I'm coming! Don't you hear the clockvorks!" exclaimed Dabbs, as he shook off the grip of the officer, and struck an attitude.

He stood beautifully; feet well set; guard well up; admirable science, yet fearful to look upon. Like the Adriatic, Dabbs was "lovelily dreadful" on this exciting occasion. But when "Greek meets Greek," fierce looks

and appalling circumstances amount to nothing. The opponent of our hero, after regarding him coolly for a moment, whistled with great contempt, and with provoking composure, beat down his guard with a smart blow from a heavy mace, saying,—

"'Taint no use, no how—you're all used up for bait."

"Ouch!" shrieked Dabbs; "my eye, how it hurts! Don't hit me again! Ah, good man, but you're a bruiser. One, two, three, from you would make a person believe any thing, even if he was sure it wasn't true."

"Very well," remarked the *macerator*, "all I want of you is to behave nice and genteel, and believe you're going to the watch'us, for it's true; and if you don't believe it yet, why (shaking his mace) I shall feel obligated to conwince you again."

As this was arguing with him after his own method, and as Dabbs had distinct impressions of the force of the reasoning, he shrugged his shoulders, and then rubbing his arms, muttered, "Enough said."

He trotted off quietly for the first time in his life. Since the affair and its consequences have passed away, he has been somewhat chary of entering into the field of argument, and particularly careful not to drink too much cold water, for fear the bull terrier before referred to was mad, and dreading hydrophobic convulsions.

ROCKY SMALT;

OR, THE DANGERS OF IMITATION.

MAN is an imitative animal, and so strong is the instinctive feeling to follow in the footsteps of others, that he who is so fortunate as to strike out a new path must travel rapidly, if he would avoid being run down by imitators, and preserve the merit of originality. If his discovery be a good one, the "*servum pecus*" will sweep toward it like an avalanche; and so quick will be their motion, that the daring spirit who first had the self-reliance to turn from the beaten track, is in danger of being lost among the crowd, and of having his claim to the honours of a discoverer doubted and derided. Turn where you will, the imitative propensity is to be found busily at work; its votaries clustering round the falcon to obtain a portion of the quarry which the nobler bird has stricken; and perhaps, like Sir John Falstaff, to deal the prize a "new wound in the thigh," and falsely claim the wreath of victory. In the useful arts, there are thousands of instances in which the real discoverer has been thrust aside to give place to the imitator; and in every other branch in which human ingenuity has been exercised, if the flock of copyists do not obtain the patent right of fame, they soon, where it is practicable, wear out the novelty, and measurably deprive

the inventor of the consideration to which he is entitled. In the apportionment of applause, the praise too often depends upon which is first seen, the statue or the cast—although the one be marble, and the other plaster.

In business, no one can hope to recommend his wares to patronage in a new and taking way, no matter what outlay of thought has been required for its invention, without finding multitudes prompt in the adoption of the same device. He who travels by a fresh and verdant path in literature, and is successful, soon hears the murmurs of a pursuing troop, and has his by-way converted into a dusty turnpike, macadamized on the principle of "writing made easy;" while, on the stage, the drama groans with great ones at second-hand. The illustrious in tragedy can designate an army of those, who, unable to retail their beauties, strive for renown by exaggerating their defects; and Thalia has even seen her female aids cut off their flowing locks, and teach themselves to wriggle, because she who was in fashion wore a crop, and had adopted a gait after her own fancy.

It is to this principle that a professional look is attributable. In striving to emulate the excellence of another, the student thinks he has made an important step if he can catch the air, manner, and tone of his model; and believes that he is in a fair way to acquire equal wisdom, if he can assume the same expression of the face, and compass the same "hang of the nether lip." We have seen a pupil endeavouring to help himself onward in the race for distinction by wearing a coat similar in cut and colour to that wherewith his preceptor indued himself; and we remember the time when whole classes at a certain eastern university became a regiment of ugly Dromios, lengthening their visages, and smoothing their hair down to their eyes, for no other reason than

that an eminent and popular professor chose to display his frontispiece after that fashion—and that, as they emulated his literary abilities, they, therefore, thought it advantageous to imitate his personal defects. When Byron's fame was in the zenith, poetic scribblers dealt liberally in shirt collar, and sported an expanse of neck; and when Waterloo heroes were the wonders of the hour, every town in England could show its limpers and hobblers, who, innocent of war, would fain have passed for men damaged by the French. On similar grounds, humps, squints, impediments of speech, mouths awry, and limbs distorted, have been the rage.

How then could Orson Dabbs, the Hittite, admired and peculiar as he was, both for his ways and for his opinions, hope to escape imitation? If he entertained such a belief, it was folly; and if he dreamed that he could so thump the world as to preserve his originality, it was a mere delusion. Among the many who frequented the Goose and Gridiron, where Orson resided, was one Rocky Smalt, whose early admiration for the great one it is beyond the power of words to utter, though subsequent events converted that admiration into hostility. Rocky Smalt had long listened with delight to Orson's lectures upon the best method of removing difficulties, which, according to him, is by thumping them down, as a paviour smooths the streets; and as Orson descanted, and shook his fists in exemplification of the text, the soul of Rocky, like a bean in a bottle, swelled within him to put these sublime doctrines in practice.

Now, it unluckily happens that Rocky Smalt is a very little man—one of the feather weights—which militates somewhat against the gratification of his pugilistic desires, insomuch that if he "squares off" at a big

fellow, he is obliged, in dealing a facer, to hit his antagonist on the knee; and a blow given there, everybody knows, neither "bungs a peeper" nor "taps a smeller." But Rocky, being to a certain degree aware of his gladiatorial deficiencies, is rather theoretical than practical; that is, he talks much more than he battles. His narratives, differing from himself, are colossal; and as Colossus stood with one foot on one side, and with the other foot on the other side, so do Rocky's speeches refer to the past and to the future—to what he has done, and to what he means to do. He is now retrospective, and again prospective, in talking of personal contention, his combats never being present, which is by far the most agreeable method of obtaining reputation, as we thereby avoid the inconvenience of pricking our fingers in gathering glory.

Rocky, in copying Dabbs as to his belligerent principles, is likewise careful to do the same, as far as it is possible, in relation to personal appearance. He is, therefore, a pocket Dabbs—a miniature Orson. He cultivates whiskers to the apex of the chin; and although they are not very luxuriant, they make up in length what they want in thickness. He cocks his hat fiercely, rolls in his gait, and, with doubled fists, carries his arms in the muscular curve, elbows pointing outward, and each arm forming the segment of a circle. He slams doors after him, kicks little dogs, and swears at little boys, as Orson does. If any one runs against him, he waits until the offender is out of hearing, and then denounces him in the most energetic expletives belonging to the language, and is altogether a vinaigrette of wrath. It is the combat only that bothers Smalt; if it were not for that link in the chain of progression from defiance to victory, he would indeed be a most truculent

hero, and deserve a salary from all the nose menders about town, whether natural bone-setters or gristle-tinkers by commission—were it not for that, Larrey's Military Surgery would be in continual demand, as a guide to the cure of contusions, and so great would be the application of oysters to the eye, that there would be a scarcity of shell-fish.

Sometimes, however, Smalt's flaming ardour precipitates him into a quarrel; but, even then, he manages matters very adroitly, by selecting the largest individual of the opposite faction for his antagonist.

"Come on!" shrieks Smalt, in such an emergency; "come on! I'll lick any thing near my own weight. I'll chaw up any indewidooal that's fairly my match—yes, and give him ten pounds. I ain't petickelar, when it's a matter of accommodation. Whe-e-w! fire away!"

But, as Rocky's weight is just ninety-four pounds, counting boots, hat, dead-latch key, pennies, fips, clothes, and a little bit of cavendish, he is certain to escape; for even the most valiant may be excused from encountering the long odds in a pitched battle, although he may sometimes run against them in a crowded chance-medley. Rocky, therefore, puts on his coat again, puffing and blowing like a porpoise, as he walks vapouring about, and repeating with an occasional attitude *a la* Orson Dabbs, "Any thing in reason—and a little chucked in to accommodate—when I'm wound up, it 'most takes a stone wall to stop me, for I go right through the timber—that's me!"

Yet these happy days of theoretical championship at length were clouded. Science avails nothing against love: Dan Cupid laughs at sparring, and beats down the most perfect guard. It so fell out that Orson Dabbs and Rocky Smalt both were smitten with the tender passion at the same time, the complaint perhaps being epidemic

at the season. This, however, though individually troublesome, as the disorder is understood to be a sharp one, would not have been productive of discord between them, had it not unluckily happened that they became enamoured of the same "fair damosel." Two warriors and but one lady!—not one lady *per* piece, to speak commercially, but one lady *per* pair. This was embarrassing—this was dangerous. Miss Araminta Stycke—or Miss Mint Stycke, as she was sometimes more sweetly termed—could not, according to legal enactments, marry both the gentlemen in question; and as each was determined to have her entire, the situation was decidedly perplexing, essentially bothering, and effectively dramatic, which, however amusing to the looker-on, is the *ne plus ultra* of discomfort to those who form the tableau. Miss Araminta could doubtless have been very "happy with either, were t'other dear charmer away;" but this was out of the question; for, when Dabbs on one side stuck to Stycke, Smalt on the other side just as assiduously stuck to Stycke, and both stickled stoutly for her smiles.

"My dear Mint Stycke," said Rocky Smalt, at a tea party, taking hold of a dish of plums nicely done in molasses—"my dear Mint Stycke, allow me to help you to a small few of the goodies."

"Minty, my darling!" observed Dabbs, who sat on her left hand, Rocky being on the right—"Minty my darling," repeated Dabbs, with that dashing familiarity so becoming in a majestic personage, as he stretched forth his hand, and likewise grasped the dish of plums, "I insist upon helping you myself."

The consequence was an illustration of the *embarras* of having two lovers on the ground at the same time. The plums were spilt in such a way as to render Miss

Stycke sweeter that ever, by giving "sweets to the sweet;" but the young lady was by no means so pretty to look at as she had been before the ceremony.

"Of the twain, she most affected" Dabbs, of which Rocky was not a little jealous.

"Minty, I don't care for Dabbs," said Rocky, in heroic tones; "big as he is, if he comes here too often a-crossing me, he'll ketch it. I'll thump him, Minty; I will—feed me on hay, if I don't."

Minty laughed, and well she might, for just then Orson arrived, and, walking into the room, scowled fiercely at Smalt, who suddenly remembered "he had to go somewheres, and promised to be there early—he must go, as it was a'most late now."

"He thump me!" said Dabbs, with a supercilious smile, when Minty repeated the threat. "The next time I meet that chap, I'll take my stick and kill it—I'll sqush it with my foot."

Unhappily for the serenity of his mind, Rocky Smalt had his ear at the key hole when this awful threat was made, and he quaked to hear it, not doubting that Dabbs would be as good as his word. He, therefore, fled *instanter*, and roamed about like a perturbed spirit; now travelling quickly—anon pausing to remember the frightful words, and, as they rushed vividly to mind, he would hop-scotch convulsively and dart off like an arrow, the whole being done in a style similar to that of a fish which has indulged in a frolic upon *cocculus indicus*. In the course of his eccentric rambles, he stopped in at various places, and, either from that cause, or some other which has not been ascertained, he waxed valiant a little after midnight. But, as his spirits rose, his locomotive propensity appeared to decrease, and he, at length, sat down on a step.

"So!" soliloquized our hero: "he intends to belt me, does he? Take a stick—sqush with his foot—and calls me 'it'—'it' right before Minty! Powers of wengeance, settle on my fist, take aim with my knuckles, and shoot him in the eye! If I wasn't so tired, and if I hadn't a little touch of my family disorder, I'd start after him. I'd go and dun him for the hiding; and if he'd only squat, or let me stand on a chair, I'd give him a receipt in full, right in the face, under my own hand and seal. I'd knock him this-er way, and I'd whack him that-er way, till you couldn't tell which end of his head his face was on."

Smalt suited the action to the word, and threw out his blows, right and left, with great vigour.

Suddenly, however, he felt a heavy hand grasp his shoulder, and give him a severe shake, while a deep gruff voice exclaimed:

"Halloo! what the deuse are you about? You'll tear your coat."

"Ah!" ejaculated Smalt, with a convulsive start; "oh, don't! I holler enough!"

"Why, little 'un, you must be cracked, if you flunk out before we begin. Holler enough, indeed! nobody's guv' you any yet."

"Ah!" gasped Smalt, turning round; "I took you for Orson Dabbs. I promised, when I cotch'd him, to give him a licking, and I was werry much afeard I'd have to break the peace. Breaking the peace is a werry disagreeable thing fur to do; but I must—I'm conshensis about it—when I ketches Orson. Somebody ought to tell him to keep out of the way, fur fear I'll have to break the peace."

"It wouldn't do to kick up a row—but I'm thinking it would be a little *piece*, if you could break it. I'll

carry home all the pieces you break off, in my waistcoat pocket. You're only a pocket piece yourself."

"Nobody asked your opinions—go 'way. I've got a job of thinking to do, and I musn't be disturbed—talking puts me out. Paddle, steamboat, or——"

"Take keer—don't persume," was the impressive reply; "I'm a 'fishal functionary out a ketching of dogs. You musn't cut up because it's night. The mayor and the 'squires have gone to bed; but the law is a thing that never gets asleep. After ten o'clock, the law is a watchman and a dog ketcher—we're the whole law till breakfast's a'most ready."

"You only want bristles to be another sort of a whole animal," muttered Smalt.

"Whew! confound your little kerkus, what do you mean? I'd hit you unofficially, if there was any use in pegging at a fly."

Smalt began to feel uneasy; so, taking the hint conveyed in the word fly, he made a spring as the commencement of a retreat from one who talked so fiercely and so disrespectfully. But he had miscalculated his powers. After running a few steps, his apprehensions overthrew him, and his persecutor walking up, said:

"Oh! you stumpy little peace-breaker, I knows what you have been about—you've been drinking."

"You *nose* it, hey?—much good may it do you. Can't a man wet his whistle without your nosing it?"

"No, you can't—it's agin the law, which is very full upon this pint."

"Pint! Not the half of it—I haven't got the stowage room."

The "ketcher" laughed, for, notwithstanding their sanguinary profession, ketchers, like Lord Norbury, are said to love a joke, and to indulge in merriment, when-

ever the boys are not near. He therefore picked up Smalt, and placing him upon his knee, remarked as follows:

"You're a clever enough kind of little feller, sonny; but you ain't been eddicated to the law as I have; so I'll give you a lecture. Justice vinks at vot it can't see, and lets them off vot it can't ketch. When you want to break it, you must dodge. You may do what you like in your own house, and the law don't know nothing about the matter. But never go thumping and bumping about the streets, when you are primed and snapped. That's intemperance, and the other is temperance. But now you come under the muzzle of the ordinance—you're a loafer."

"Now, look here—I'll tell you the truth. Orson Dabbs swears he'll belt me—yes, he calls me 'it'—he said he'd sqush me with his foot—he'd take a stick and kill 'it'—me, I mean. What am I to do?—there'll be a fight, and Dabbs will get hurt."

"He can't do what he says—the law declares he musn't; and if he does, it isn't any great matter—he'll be put in limbo, you know."

This, however, was a species of comfort which had very little effect upon Smalt. He cared nothing about what might be done with Orson Dabbs after Orson had done for him.

His new friend, however, proved, as Smalt classically remarked, to be like a singed cat, much better than he looked, for he conducted the Lilliputian hero home, and, bundling him into the entry, left him there in comfort. Rocky afterwards removed to another part of the town, for the purpose of keeping clear of his enemy, and, with many struggles, yielded the palm in relation to Miss Araminta Stycke, who soon became Mrs. Orson Dabbs.

After this event, Rocky Smalt, who is not above the useful employment of gathering a little wisdom from experience, changed his system, and now speaks belligerently only in reference to the past, his gasconading stories invariably beginning, "A few years ago, when I was a fighting carackter."

UNDEVELOPED GENIUS.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF P. PILGARLICK PIGWIGGEN, ESQ.

The world has heard much of unwritten music, and more of unpaid debts; a brace of unsubstantialities, in which very little faith is reposed. The minor poets have twangled their lyres about the one, until the sound has grown wearisome, and until, for the sake of peace and quietness, we heartily wish that unwritten music were fairly written down, and published in Willig's or Blake's best style, even at the risk of hearing it reverberate from every piano in the city: while iron-visaged creditors—all creditors are of course hard, both in face and in heart, or they would not ask for their money—have chattered of unpaid debts, ever since the flood, with a wet finger, was uncivil enough to wipe out pre-existing scores, and extend to each skulking debtor the "benefit of the act." But *undeveloped genius*, which is, in fact, itself unwritten music, and is very closely allied to unpaid debts, has, as yet, neither poet, trumpeter, nor biographer. Gray, indeed, hinted at it in speaking of "village Hampdens," "mute inglorious Miltons," and "Cromwells guiltless," which showed him to be man of some discernment, and possessed of inklings of the truth. But the general science of mental geology, and through the equally important details of mental mineralo[illegible]

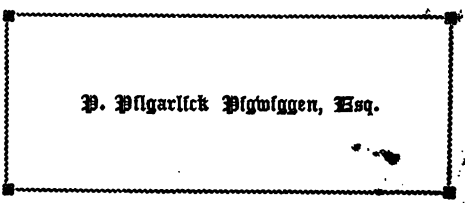
Mental metallurgy, to ascertain the unseen substratum of intellect, and to determine its innate wealth, are as yet unborn; or, if phrenology be admitted as a branch of these sciences, are still in uncertain infancy. Undeveloped genius, therefore, is still undeveloped, and is likely to remain so, unless this treatise should awaken some capable and intrepid spirit to prosecute an investigation at once so momentous and so interesting. If not, much of it will pass through the world undiscovered and unsuspected; while the small remainder can manifest itself in no other way than by the aid of a convulsion, turning its possessor inside out like a glove; a method, which the earth itself was ultimately compelled to adopt, that stupid man might be made to see what treasures are to be had for the digging.

There are many reasons why genius so often remains invisible. The owner is frequently unconscious of the jewel in his possession, and is indebted to chance for the discovery. Of this, Patrick Henry was a striking instance. After he had failed as a shopkeeper, and was compelled to "hoe corn and dig potatoes," alone on his little farm, to obtain a meagre subsistence for his family, he little dreamed that he had that within, which would enable him to shake the throne of a distant tyrant, and nerve the arm of struggling patriots. Sometimes, however, the possessor is conscious of his gift, but it is to him as the celebrated anchor was to the Dutchman; he can neither use nor exhibit it. The illustrious Thomas Erskine, in his first attempt at the bar, made so signal a failure as to elicit the pity of the good natured, and the scorn and contempt of the less feeling part of the auditory. Nothing daunted, however, for he felt undeveloped genius strong within him, he left the court; muttering, with more profanity than was proper, but with much

truth, "By ——! it is in me, and it shall come out!" He was right; it was in him; he did get it out, and rose to be Lord Chancellor of England.

But there are men less fortunate; as gifted as Erskine, though perhaps in a different way, they swear frequently, as he did, but they cannot get their genius out. They feel it, like a rat in a cage, beating against their barring ribs, in a vain struggle to escape; and thus, with the materials for building a reputation, and standing high among the sons of song and eloquence, they pass their lives in obscurity, regarded by the few who are aware of their existence, as simpletons—fellows sent upon the stage solely to fill up the grouping, to applaud their superiors, to eat, sleep, and die.

P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, Esq., as he loves to be styled, is one of these unfortunate undeveloped gentlemen about town. The arrangement of his name shows him to be no common man. Peter P. Pigwiggen would be nothing, except a hailing title to call him to dinner, or to insure the safe arrival of dunning letters and tailors' bills. There is as little character about it as about the word Towser, the individuality of which has been lost by indiscriminate application. To all intents and purposes, he might just as well be addressed as "You Pete Pigwiggen," after the tender maternal fashion, in which, in his youthful days, he was required to quit dabbling in the gutter, to come home and be spanked. But



—the aristocracy of birth and genius is all about it. The very letters seem tasselled and fringed with the cobwebs of antiquity. The flesh creeps with awe at the sound, and the atmosphere undergoes a sensible change, as at the rarefying approach of a supernatural being. It penetrates the hearer at each perspiratory pore. The dropping of the antepenultimate in a man's name, and the substitution of an initial therefor, has an influence which cannot be defined—an influence peculiarly strong in the case of P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen—the influence of undeveloped genius—analogous to that which bent the hazel rod, in the hand of Dousterswivel, in the ruins of St. Ruth, and told of undeveloped water.

But to avoid digression, or rather to return from a ramble in the fields of nomenclature, P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen is an undeveloped genius—a wasted man; his talents are like money in a strong box, returning no interest. He is, in truth, a species of Byron in the egg: but unable to chip the shell, his genius remains unhatched. The chicken moves and faintly chirps within, but no one sees it, no one heeds it. Peter feels the high aspirations and the mysterious imaginings of poesy circling about the interior of his cranium; but there they stay. When he attempts to give them utterance, he finds that nature forgot to bore out the passage which carries thought to the tongue and to the finger ends; and as art has not yet found out the method of tunnelling or of driving a drift into the brain, to remedy such defects, and act as a general jail delivery to the prisoners of the mind, his divine conceptions continue pent in their osseous cell. In vain does Pigwiggen sigh for a *splitting* headache—one that shall ope the sutures, and set his fancies free. In vain does he shave his forehead and turn down his shirt collar, in hope of finding the poetic vomitory, and of leaving

it clear of impediment; in vain does he drink vast quantities of gin to raise the steam so high that it may burst imagination's boiler, and suffer a few drops of it to escape; in vain does he sit up late o' nights, using all the cigars he can lay his hands on, to smoke out the secret. 'Tis useless all. No sooner has he spread the paper, and seized the pen to give bodily shape to airy dreams, than a dull dead blank succeeds. As if a flourish of the quill were the crowing of a "rooster," the dainty Ariels of his imagination vanish. The feather drops from his checked fingers, the paper remains unstained, and P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen is still an undeveloped genius.

Originally a grocer's boy, Peter early felt he had a soul above soap and candles, and he so diligently nourished it with his master's sugar, figs, and brandy, that early one morning he was unceremoniously dismissed with something more substantial than a flea in his ear. His subsequent life was passed in various callings; but call as loudly as they would, our hero paid little attention to their voice. He had an eagle's longings, and with an inclination to stare the sun out of countenance, it was not to be expected that he would stoop to be a barn-yard fowl. Working when he could not help it; at times pursuing check speculations at the theatre doors, by way of turning an honest penny, and now and then gaining entrance by crooked means, to feed his faculties with a view of the performances, he likewise pursued his studies through all the ballads in the market, until qualified to read the pages of Moore and Byron. Glowing with ambition, he sometimes pined to see the poet's corner of our weekly periodicals graced with his effusions. But though murder may out, his undeveloped genius would not. Execution fell so far

short of conception, that his lyrics were invariably rejected.

Deep, but unsatisfactory, were the reflections which thence arose in the breast of Pigwiggen.

"How is it," said he—"how is it I can't level down my expressions to the comprehension of the vulgar, or level up the vulgar to a comprehension of my expressions? How is it I can't get the spigot out, so my verses will run clear? I know what I mean myself, but nobody else does, and the impudent editors say it's wasting room to print what nobody understands. I've plenty of genius—lots of it, for I often want to cut my throat, and would have done it long ago, only it hurts. I'm chock full of genius and running over; for I hate all sorts of work myself, and all sorts of people mean enough to do it. I hate going to bed, and I hate getting up. My conduct is very eccentric and singular. I have the miserable melancholics all the time, and I'm pretty nearly always as cross as thunder, which is a sure sign. Genius is as tender as a skinned cat, and flies into a passion whenever you touch it. When I condescend to unbuzzum myself, for a little sympathy, to folks of ornery intellect—and caparisoned to me, I know very few people that ar'n't ornery as to brains—and pour forth the feelings indigginus to a poetic soul, which is always biling, they ludicrate my sitiation, and say they don't know what the deuse I'm driving at. Isn't genius always served o' this fashion in the earth, as Hamlet, the boy after my own heart, says? And when the slights of the world, and of the printers, set me in a fine frenzy, and my soul swells and swells, till it almost tears the shirt off my buzzum, and even fractures my dickey—when it expansuates and elevates me above the common herd, they laugh again, and tell me not to be pompious. The

poor plebinians and worse than Russian scurfs!—It is the fate of genius—it is his'n, or rather I should say, her'n—to go through life with little sympathization and less cash. Life's a field of blackberry and raspberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit, no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and perpendicular, strides fiercely on, and gets nothing but scratches and holes tore in its trousers. These things are the fate of genius, and when you see 'em, there is genius too, although the editors won't publish its articles. These things are its premonitories, its janissaries, its cohorts, and its consorts.

"But yet, though in flames in my interiors, I can't get it out. If I catch a subject, while I am looking at it, I can't find words to put it in; and when I let go, to hunt for words, the subject is off like a shot. Sometimes I have plenty of words, but then there is either no ideas, or else there is such a waterworks and cataract of them, that when I catch one, the others knock it out of my fingers. My genius is good, but my mind is not sufficiently manured by 'ears."

Pigwiggen, waiting it may be till sufficiently "manured" to note his thoughts, was seen one fine morning not long since, at the corner of the street, with a melancholy, abstracted air, the general character of his appearance. His garments were of a rusty black, much the worse for wear. His coat was buttoned up to the throat, probably for a reason more cogent than that of showing the moulding of his chest, and a black handkerchief enveloped his neck. Not a particle of white was to be seen about him; not that we mean to infer that his "sark" would not have answered to its name, if the muster roll of his attire had been called, for we scorn to speak of a citizen's domestic relations, and, until the

contrary is proved, we hold it but charity to believe that every man has as many shirts as backs. Peter's cheeks were pale and hollow; his eyes sunken, and neither soap nor razor had kissed his lips for a week. His hands were in his pockets—they had the accommodation all to themselves—nothing else was there.

"Is your name Peter P. Pigwiggen?" inquired a man, with a stick, which he grasped in the middle.

"My name is P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, if you please, my good friend," replied our hero, with a flush of indignation at being miscalled.

"You'll do," was the nonchalant response; and "the man with a stick" drew forth a parallelogram of paper, curiously inscribed with characters, partly written and partly printed, of which the words, "The commonwealth greeting," were strikingly visible; "you'll do, Mr. P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen Peter. That's a *capias ad respondendum*, the English of which is, you're cotched because you can't pay; only they put it in Greek, so's not to hurt a gentleman's feelings, and make him feel flat afore the company. I can't say much for the manners of the big courts, but the way the law's polite and a squire's office is genteel, when the thing is under a hundred dollars, is cautionary."

There was little to be said. Peter yielded at once. His landlady, with little respect for the incipient Byron, had turned him out that morning, and had likewise sent "the man with a stick" to arrest the course of undeveloped genius. Peter walked before, and he of the "taking way" strolled leisurely behind.

* * * * * *

"It's the fate of genius, squire. The money is owed. But how can I help it? I can't live without eating and

sleeping. If I wasn't to do those functionaries, it would be suicide, severe beyond circumflexion."

"Well, you know, you must either pay or go to jail."

'Now, squire, as a friend—I can't pay, and I don't admire jail—as a friend, now."

"Got any bail?—No!—what's your trade—what name is it?"

"Poesy," was the laconic, but dignified reply.

"Pusey?—Yes, I remember Pusey. You're in the shoe-cleaning line, somewhere in Fourth street. Pusey, boots and shoes cleaned here. Getting whiter, ar'n't you? I thought Pusey was a little darker in the countenance."

"P-o-e-s-y!" roared Peter, spelling the word at the top of his voice; "I'm a poet."

"Well, Posy, I suppose you don't write for nothing. Why didn't you pay your landlady out of what you received for your books, Posy?"

"My genius ain't developed. I haven't written any thing yet. Only wait till my mind is manured, so I can catch the idea, and I'll pay off all old scores."

"'Twont do, Posy. I don't understand it at all. You must go and find a little undeveloped bail, or I must send you to prison. The officer will go with you. But stay; there's Mr. Grubson in the corner—perhaps he will bail you."

Grubson looked unpromising. He had fallen asleep, and the flies hummed about his sulky copper-coloured visage, laughing at his unconscious drowsy efforts to drive them away. He was aroused by Pilgarlick, who insinuatingly preferred the request.

"I'll see you hanged first," replied Mr. Grubson; "I goes bail for nobody. I'm undeveloped myself on that

subject,—not but that I have the greatest respect for you in the world, but the most of people's cheats."

"You see, Posy, the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"Squire, as a friend, excuse me," said Pilgarlick. "But the truth of the matter is this. I'm delicate about being seen in the street with a constable. I'm principled against it. The reputation which I'm going to get might be injured by it. Wouldn't it be pretty much the same thing, if Mr. Grubson was to go with the officer, and get me a little bail?"

"I'm delicate myself," growled Grubson; "I'm principled agin that too. Every man walk about on his own 'sponsibility; every man bail his own boat. You might jist as well ask me to swallow your physic, or take your thrashings."

Alas! Pilgarlick knew that his boat was past bailing. Few are the friends of genius in any of its stages—very few are they when it is undeveloped. He, therefore, consented to sojourn in "Arch west of Broad," until the whitewashing process could be performed, on condition he were taken there by the "alley way;" for he still looks ahead to the day, when a hot-pressed volume shall be published by the leading booksellers, entitled Poems, by P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, Esq.

THE BEST-NATURED MAN IN THE WORLD.

A YIELDING temper, when not carefully watched and curbed, is one of the most dangerous of faults. Like unregulated generosity, it is apt to carry its owner into a thousand difficulties, and, too frequently, to hurry him into vices, if not into crimes. But as it is of advantage to others while inflicting injury upon its possessor, it has, by the common consent of mankind, received a fine name, which covers its follies and promotes its growth. This easiness of disposition, which is a compound of indolence, vanity, and irresolution, is known and applauded as "good-nature;" and, to have reached the superlative degree, so as to be called the "best-natured fellow in the world—almost too good-natured for his own good," is regarded as a lofty merit. When applied to the proper person, though the recipient says nothing, it may be seen that it thrills him with delight; the colour heightens on his cheek; and the humid brilliance of his eye speaks him ready to weep with joy over his own fancied perfections, and to outdo all his former outdoings. He is warmed through by the phrase, as if he had been feasting upon preserved ginger, and he luxuriates upon the sensation, without counting the cost, and without calculating the future sacrifices which it requires. He seldom sees why he is thus praised. He is content that it is so,

without inquiring into the process by which it was brought about. It is enough for him that he is the best-natured fellow in the world, and the conclusion generally shows that, in phrase pugilistic, it is "enough." There are few kinds of extravagance more ruinous than that of indulging a desire for being excessively good-natured, as the good-natured pussy learnt when the monkey used her paw to draw chestnuts from the fire. A man of circumscribed means may, with comparative safety, keep horses and dogs, drink Champagne and Burgundy, bet upon races and upon cock-fights; he may even gratify a taste for being very genteel—for these things may subside into moderation; but being very good-natured, in the popular acception of the phrase, is like the juvenile amusement of sliding down Market street hill on a sled. The further one goes, the greater is the velocity; and, if the momentum be not skilfully checked, we are likely to *land* in the water.

The "best-natured fellow in the world" is merely a convenience; very useful to others, but worse than useless to himself. He is the bridge across the brook, and men walk over him. He is the wandering pony of the Pampas, seeking his own provender, yet ridden by those who contribute not to his support. He giveth up all the sunshine, and hath nothing but chilling shade for himself. He waiteth at the table of the world, serveth the guests, who clear the board, and, for food and pay, give him fine words, which culinary research hath long since ascertained cannot be used with profit, even in the buttering of parsnips. He is, in fact, an appendage, not an individuality; and when worn out, as he soon must be, is thrown aside to make room for another, if another can be had. Such is the result of excessive compliance and obsequious good-nature. It plundereth a man of his

spine, and converteth him into a flexile willow, to be bent and twisted as his companions choose, and, should it please them, to be wreathed into a fish-basket.

Are there any who doubt of this? Let them inquire for one LENITER SALIX, and ask his opinion. Leniter may be ragged, but his philosophy has not so many holes in it as might be inferred from the state of his wardrobe. Nay, it is the more perfect on that account; a knowledge of the world penetrates the more easily when, from defective apparel, we approach the nearer to our original selves. Leniter's hat is crownless, and the clear light of knowledge streams without impediment upon his brain. He is not bound up in the strait jacket of prejudice, for he long since pawned his solitary vest, and his coat, made for a Goliath, hangs about him as loosely as a politician's principles, or as the purser's shirt in the poetical comparison. Salix has so long bumped his head against a stone wall, that he has knocked a hole in it, and like Cooke, the tragedian, sees through his error. He has speculated as extensively in experience as if it were town lots. The quantity of that article he has purchased, could it be made tangible, would freight a seventy-four;—were it convertible into cash, Crœsus, King of Lydia, son of Halyattes, would be a Chelsea pensioner to Salix. But unluckily for him, there are stages in life when experience itself is more ornamental than useful. When, to use a forcible expression—when a man is "done,"—it matters not whether he has as much experience as Samson had hair, or as Bergami had whisker—he can do no more. Salix has been in his time so much pestered with *duns*, "hateful to gods and men," that he is *done* himself.

"The sun was rushing down the west," as Banim has it, attending to its own business, and, by that means,

shedding benefit upon the world, when Leniter Salix was seen in front of a little grocery, the *locale* of which shall be nameless, sitting dejectedly upon a keg of mackerel, number 2. He had been "the best-natured fellow in the world," but, as the geologists say, he was in a state of transition, and was rapidly becoming up to *trap*. At all events, he had his nose to the grindstone, an operation which should make men keen. He was houseless, homeless, penniless, and the grocery man had asked him to keep an eye upon the dog, for fear of the midsummer catastrophe which awaits such animals when their snouts are not in a bird cage. This service was to be recompensed with a cracker, and a glass of what the shopman was pleased to call *racky mirackilis*, a fluid sometimes termed "railroad," from the rapidity with which it hurries men to the end of their journey. Like many of the best-natured fellows in the world, Salix, by way of being a capital companion, and of not being different from others, had acquired rather a partiality for riding on this "railroad," and he agreed to keep his trigger eye on the dog.

"That's right, Salix. I always knowed you were the best-natured fellow in the world."

"H-u-m-p-s-e!" sighed Salix, in a prolonged, plaintive, uncertain manner, as if he admitted the fact, but doubted the honour; "h-u-m-p-s-e! but, if it wasn't for the railroad, which is good for my complaint, because I take it internally to drive out the perspiration, I've a sort of a notion Carlo might take care of himself. There's the dog playing about without his muzzle, just because I'm good-natured; there's Timpkins at work making money inside, instead of watching his own whelp, just because I'm good-natured; and I'm to sit here doing nothing instead of going to get a little job a man promised

me down town, just because I'm good-natured. I can't see exactly what's the use of it to me. It's pretty much like having a bed of your own, and letting other people sleep in it, soft, while you sleep on the bare floor, hard. It wouldn't be so bad if you could have half, or quarter of the bed; but no—these good friends of mine, as I may say, turn in, take it all, roll themselves up in the kivering, and won't let us have a bit of sheet to mollify the white pine sacking bottom, the which is pleasant to whittle with a sharp knife—quite soft enough for that purpose—but the which is not the pink of feather beds. I don't like it—I'm getting tired."

The brow of Salix began to blacken—therein having decidedly the advantage of his boots, which could neither blacken themselves, nor prevail on their master to do it—when Mrs. Timpkins, the shopman's wife, popped out with a child in her arms, and three more trapesing after her.

"Law, Salix, how-dee-doo? I'm so glad—I know you're the best-natured creature in the world. Jist hold little Biddy a while, and keep an eye on t'other young 'uns—you're such a nurse—he! he! he!—so busy—ain't got no girl—so busy washing—most tea time—he! he! he! Salix."

Mrs. Timpkins disappeared, Biddy remained in the arms of Salix, and "t'other young 'uns" raced about with the dog. The trigger eye was compelled to invoke the aid of its coadjutor.

"Whew!" whistled Salix; "the quantity of pork they give in this part of the town for a shilling is amazin'—I'm so good-natured! That railroad will be well earnt, anyhow. I'm beginning to think it's queer there ain't more good-natured people about besides me—I'm a sort of mayor and corporation all myself in this busi-

ness. It's a monopoly where the profit's all loss. Now, for instance, these Timpkinses won't ask me to tea, because I'm ragged; but they ar'n't a bit too proud to ask me to play child's nurse and dog's uncle—they won't lend me any money, because I can't pay, and they're persimmony and sour about cash concerns—and they won't let me have time to earn any money, and get good clothes—that's because I'm so good-natured. I've a good mind to strike, and be sassy."

"Hallo! Salix, my good fellow!" said a man, on a horse, as he rode up; "you're the very chap I'm looking for. As I says to my old woman, says I, Leniter Salix is the wholesoul'dest chap I ever did see. There's nothing he won't do for a friend, and I'll never forget him, if I was to live as old as Methuselah."

Salix smiled—Hannibal softened rocks with vinegar, but the stranger melted the ice of our hero's resolution with praise. Salix walked towards him, holding the child with one hand as he extended the other for a friendly shake.

"You're the best-natured fellow in the world, Salix," ejaculated the stranger, as he leaped from the saddle, and hung the reins upon Salix's extended fingers, instead of shaking hands with him; "you're the best-natured fellow in the world. Just hold my horse a minute. I'll be back in a jiffey, Salix; in less than half an hour," said the dismounted rider, as he shot round the corner.

"If that ain't cutting it fat, I'll be darned!" growled Salix, as soon as he had recovered from his breathless amazement, and had gazed from dog to babe—from horse to children.

"Mr. Salix," screamed Miss Tabitha Gadabout from the next house, "I'm just running over to Timpson's

place. Keep an eye on my street door—back in a minute."

She flew across the street, and as she went, the words "best natured-soul alive" were heard upon the breeze.

"That's considerable fatter—it's as fat as show beef," said Salix. "How many eyes has a good-natured fellow got, anyhow? Three of mine's in use a'ready. The good-natureder you are, the more eyes you have, I s'pose. That job up town's jobbed without me, and where I'm to sleep, or to eat my supper, it's not the easiest thing in the world to tell. Ain't paid my board this six months, I'm so good-natured; and the old woman's so good-natured, she said I needn't come back. These Timpkinses and all of 'em are ready enough at asking me to do things, but when I ask them——There, that dog's off, and the ketchers are coming—Carlo! Carlo!"

The baby began squalling, and the horse grew restive; the dog scampered into the very teeth of danger; and the three little Timpkinses, who could locomote, went scrabbling, in different directions, into all sorts of mischief, until finally one of them pitched head foremost into a cellar.

Salix grew furious. "Whoa, pony!—hush, you infernal brat!—here, Carlo!—Thunder and crockery!—there's a young Timpkins smashed and spoilt!—knocked into a cocked hat!"

"Mr. Salix!" shouted a boy, from the other side of the way, "when you're done that 'ere, mammy says if you won't go a little narrand for her, you're so good-nater'd."

There are moments when calamity nerves us; when wild frenzy congeals into calm resolve; as one may see by penning a cat in a corner. It is then that the coward

fights; that the oppressed strikes at the life of the oppressor. That moment had come to Salix. He stood bolt upright, as cold and as straight as an icicle. His good-nature might be seen to drop from him in two pieces, like Cinderella's kitchen garments in the opera. He laid Biddy Timpkins on the top of the barrel, released the horse, giving him a vigorous kick, which sent him flying down the street, and strode indignantly away, leaving Carlo, Miss Gadabout's house, and all other matters in his charge, to the guardianship of chance.

* * * * * *

The last time Salix was seen in the busy haunts of men, he looked the very incarnation of gloom and despair. His very coat had gone to relieve his necessities, and he wandered slowly and dejectedly about, relieving the workings of his perturbed spirit by kicking whatever fell in his way.

"I'm done," soliloquized he; "pardenership between me and good-nature is this day dissolved, and all persons indebted will please to settle with the undersigned, who alone is authorized. Yes, there's a good many indebted, and its high time to dissolve, when your pardener has sold all the goods and spent all the money. Once I had a little shop—ah! wasn't it nice?—plenty of goods and plenty of business. But then comes one troop of fellows, and they wanted tick—I'm so good-natured; then comes another set of chaps, who didn't let bashfulness stand in their way a minute; they sailed a good deal nearer the wind, and wanted to borry money—I'm so good-natured; and more asked me to go security. These fellows were always very particular friends of mine, and got what they asked for; but I was a very particular friend of theirs, and couldn't get it back. It was one of the good rules that won't work both ways; and I, somehow

or other, was at the wrong end of it, for it wouldn't work my way at all. There's few rules that will, barring substraction, and division, and alligation, when our folks allegated against me that I wouldn't come to no good. All the cypherin' I could ever do made more come to little, and little come to less; and yet, as I said afore, I had a good many assistants too.

"Business kept pretty fair; but I wasn't cured. Because I was good-natured, I had to go with 'em frolicking, tea partying, excursioning, and busting; and for the same reason, I was always appinted treasurer to make the distribution when there wasn't a cent of surplus revenue in the treasury, but my own. It was my job to pay all the bills. Yes, it was always 'Salix, you know me'—'Salix, pony up at the bar, and lend us a levy'—'Salix always shells out like a gentleman.'—Oh! to be sure, and why not?—now I'm shelled out myself—first out of my shop by old *venditioni exponas*, at the State House—old *fiery fash 'us* to me directed. But they didn't direct him soon enough, for he only got the fixtures. The goods had gone out on a bust long before I busted. Next, I was shelled out of my boarding house; and now," (with a lugubrious glance at his shirt and pantaloons,) "I'm nearly shelled out of my clothes. It's a good thing they can't easy shell me out of my skin, or they would, and let me catch my death of cold. I'm a mere shell-fish—an oyster with the kivers off.

"But, it was always so—when I was a little boy, they coaxed all my pennies out of me; coaxed me to take all the jawings, and all the hidings, and to go first into all sorts of scrapes, and precious scrapings they used to be. I wonder if there isn't two kinds of people—one kind that's made to chaw up t'other kind, and t'other kind that's made to be chawed up by one kind?—cat-

kind of people and mouse-kind of people? I guess there is—I'm very much mouse myself.

"What I want to know is what's to become of me. I've spent all I had in getting my eddication. Learnin', they say, is better than houses and lands. I wonder if anybody would swap some house and land with me for mine? I'd go it even, and ask no boot. They should have it at prime cost; but they won't; and I begin to be afraid I'll have to get married, or list in the marines. That's what most people do when they've nothing to do."

* * * * * *

What became of Leniter Salix immediately, is immaterial; what will become of him eventually, is clear enough. His story is one acting every day, and, though grotesquely sketched, is an evidence of the danger of an accommodating disposition when not regulated by prudence. The softness of "the best-natured fellow in the world" requires a large admixture of hardening alloy to give it the proper temper.

A PAIR OF SLIPPERS;

OR, FALLING WEATHER.

"Then I, and you, and all of us fell down."

WHENEVER we look upon the crowded thoroughfare, or regard the large assembly, we are compelled to admit that the infinite variety of form in the human race contributes largely to the picturesque. The eye travels over the diversity of shape and size without fatigue, and renews its strength by turning from one figure to another, when, at each remove, it is sure to find a difference. Satiated with gazing at rotundity, it is refreshed by a glance at lathiness; and, tired with stooping to the lowly, it can mount like a bird to the aspiring head which tops a maypole. But, while the potency of these pictorial beauties is admitted, it must be conceded that the variations from the true standard, although good for the eyesight, are productive of much inconvenience; and that, to consider the subject like a Benthamite, utility and the general advantage would be promoted if the total amount of flesh, blood, bone, and muscle were more equally distributed. As affairs are at present arranged, it is almost impossible to find a "ready made coat" that will answer one's purpose, and a man may stroll through half the shops in town without being able to purchase a pair of boots which he can wear with any degree of comfort. In

hanging a lamp, every shop keeper, who "lights up," knows that it is a very troublesome matter so to swing it, that, while the short can see the commodities, the tall will not demolish the glass. If an abbreviated "turnippy" man, in the goodness of his heart and *in articulo mortis*, bequeaths his wardrobe to a long and gaunt friend, of what service is the posthumous present? It is available merely as new clothing for the juveniles, or as something toward another kitchen carpet. Many a martial spirit is obliged to content himself with civic employment, although a mere bottle of fire and wrath, because heroism is enlisted by inches, and not by degree. If under "five foot six," Cæsar himself could find no favour in the eye of the recruiting sergeant, and Alexander the Great would be allowed to bestride no Bucephalus in a dragoon regiment of modern times. Thus, both they who get too much, and they who get too little, in Dame Nature's apportionment bill, as well as those who, though abundantly endowed, are not well made up, have divers reasons for grumbling, and for wishing that a more perfect uniformity prevailed.

Some of the troubles which arise from giving a man more than his share in altitude, find illustration in the subjoined narrative:—

Linkum Langcale is a subject *in extenso*. He is, to use the words of the poet, suggested by his name,

> ——— "*A bout*"
> "*Of linked sweetness long drawn out:*"

and, in speaking of him, it is not easy to be brief. Linkum is entirely too long for his own comfort—something short—if the word *short* may be used in this connexion —something short of the height of the Titans of old, who pelted Saturn with brickbats; but how much has never

yet been ascertained, none of his acquaintances being sufficiently acquainted with trigonometry to determine the fact. He is one of those men who, like the gentle Marcia, "tower above their sex," and must always be called down to their dinner, as no information can be imparted to them unless it be hallooed up; and in conversing with whom, it is always necessary to begin by hailing the maintop. There is not, however, more material in Linkum than enough for a man of ordinary length. The fault is in his not being properly made up. He is abominably wire drawn—stretched out, as Shakspeare says, almost to the crack of doom. It is clear that there has been an attempt to make too much of him, but the frame of the idea has not been well filled out. He is the streak of a Colossus, and he resembles the willow wand at which Locksley shot his gray goose shaft in the lists of Ashby de la Zouche. The consequence is, that Linkum is a crank vessel. If he wore a feather in his cap, he would be capsized at every corner: and as it is, he finds it very difficult to get along on a windy day, without a paving stone in each coat pocket to preserve the balance of power. He is, however, of a convivial nature, and will not refuse his glass, notwithstanding the aptitude of alcohol to ascend into the brain, and so to encumber it as to render a perpendicular position troublesome to men shorter than himself. When in this condition, his troubles are numberless, and among other matters, he finds it very difficult to get a clear fall, there being in compact cities very little room to spare for the accommodation of long men tumbling down in the world.

One evening Linkum walked forth to a convivial meeting, and supped with a set of jolly companions. Late at night a rain came on, which froze as it fell, and

soon made the city one universal slide, sufficiently "glip" for all purposes, without the aid of saw-dust. Of Linkum's sayings and doings at the social board, no record is preserved; but it is inferred that his amusements were not of a nature to qualify him for the safe performance of a journey so slippery as that which it was necessary to undertake to reach home. No lamps were lighted, they who were abroad being under the necessity of supposing the moonshine, and of seeing their way as they walked, or of gathering themselves up when they fell, by the lantern of imagination.

"Good night, fellers," said Linkum, at the top of the steps, as the door closed after him. He pulled his hat over his eyes determinedly, buttoned his coat with resolution, and sucked at his cigar with that iron energy peculiar to men about to set forth on their way home on a cold, stormy night. The fire of the cigar reflected from his nose was the only illumination to be seen; and Linkum, putting his hands deep into his pockets, kept his position on the first step of the six which were between him and the pavement.

"I've no doubt," said he, as he puffed forth volumes of smoke, and seemed to cogitate deeply—"I've not the slightest doubt that this is as beautiful a night as ever was; only it's so dark you can't see the pattern of it. One night is pretty much like another night in the dark; but it's a great advantage to a good looking evening, if the lamps are lit, so you can twig the stars and the moonshine. The fact is, that in this 'ere city, we do grow the blackest moons, and the hardest moons to find, I ever did see. Sometimes I'm most disposed to send the bellman after 'em—or get a full blooded pinter to pint 'em out, while I hold a candle to see which way he pints. It wouldn't be a bad notion on sich occasions to

ask the man in the steeple to ring which way the moon is. Lamps is lamps, and moons is moons, in a business pint of view, but practically they ain't much if the wicks ain't afire. When the luminaries are, as I may say, in the raw, it's bad for me. I can't see the ground as perforately as little fellers, and every dark night I'm sure to get a hyst—either a forrerd hyst, or a backerd hyst, or some sort of a hyst—but more backerds than forrerds, 'specially in winter. One of the most unfeeling tricks I know of, is the way some folks have got of laughing out, yaw-haw! when they see a gentleman ketching a riggler hyst—a long gentleman, for instance, with his legs in the air, and his noddle splat down upon the cold bricks. A hyst of itself is bad enough, without being sniggered at: first, your sconce gets a crack; then, you see all sorts of stars, and have free admission to the fireworks; then, you scramble up, feeling as if you had no head on your shoulders, and as if it wasn't you, but some confounded disagreeable feller in your clothes; yet the jacksnipes all grin, as if the misfortunes of human nature was only a poppet show. I wouldn't mind it, if you could get up and look as if you didn't care. But a man can't rise, after a royal hyst, without letting on he feels flat. In such cases, however, sympathy is all gammon; and as for sensibility of a winter's day, people keep it all for their own noses, and can't be coaxed to retail it by the small."

Linkum paused in his prophetic dissertation upon "hysts"—the popular pronunciation, in these parts, of the word *hoist*, which is used—*quasi lucus a non lucendo*—to convey the idea of the most complete tumble which man can experience. A fall, for instance, is indeterminate. It may be an easy slip down—a gentle

visitation of mother earth; but a hyst is a rapid, forcible performance, which may be done, as Linkum observes, either backward or forward, but of necessity with such violence as to knock the breath out of the body, or it is unworthy of the noble appellation of hyst. It is an apt, but figurative mode of expression, and it is often carried still further; for people sometimes say, "lower him up, and hyst him down."

Our hero held on firmly to the railing, and peered keenly into the darkness, without discovering any object on which his vision could rest. The gloom was substantial. It required sharper eyes than his to bore a hole in it. The wind was up, and the storm continued to coat the steps and pavements with a sheet of ice.

"It's raining friz potatoes," observed Linkum; "I feel 'em, though I can't see 'em, bumping the end of my nose; so I must hurry home as fast as I can."

Heedless and hapless youth! He made a vain attempt to descend, but, slipping, he came in a sitting posture upon the top step, and, in that attitude, flew down like lightning——bump! bump! bump! The impetus he had acquired prevented him from stopping on the sidewalk, notwithstanding his convulsive efforts to clutch the icy bricks, and he *skuted* into the gutter, whizzing over the curbstone, and splashing into the water, like a young Niagara.

A deep silence ensued, broken solely by the pattering of the rain and the howling of the wind. Linkum was an exhausted receiver; the hyst was perfect, the breath being completely knocked out of him.

"Laws-a-massy!" at length he panted, "ketching" breath at intervals, and twisting about as if in pain; "my eyes! sich a hyst! Sich a quantity of hysts all in one! The life's almost bumped out of me, and I'm jammed

up so tight, I don't believe I'm so tall by six inches as I was before. I'm druv' up and clinched, and I'll have to get tucks in my trousers."

Linkum sat still, ruminating on the curtailment of his fair proportions, and made no effort to rise. The door soon opened again, and Mr. Broad Brevis came forth, at which a low, suppressed chuckle was uttered by Linkum, as he looked over his shoulder, anticipating "a quantity of hysts all in one" for the new comer, whose figure, however,—short and stout,—was much better calculated for the operation than Linkum's. But Brevis seemed to suspect that the sliding was good, and the skating magnificent.

"No, you don't!" quoth he, as he tried the step with one foot, and recovered himself; "I haven't seen the Alleghany Portage and inclined planes for nothing. It takes me to diminish the friction, and save the wear and tear."

So saying, he quietly tucked up his coat tails, and sitting down upon the mat, which he grasped with both hands, gave himself a gentle impulse, crying "All aboard!" and slid slowly but majestically down. As he came to the plain sailing across the pavement, he twanged forth "Ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ra-tra-a-a!" in excellent imitation of the post horn, and brought up against Linkum. "Clear the course for the express mail, or I'll report you to the department!" roared Brevis, trumpeting the "alarum," so well known to all who have seen a tragedy—"Tra-tretra-ta-ra-tra-a-a!"

That's queer fun, anyhow," said a careful wayfarer, turning the corner, with lantern in hand, and sock on foot, who, after a short parley, was induced to set the gentlemen on their pins. First planting Brevis against the pump, who sang "Let me lean on thee," from the

Sonnambula, in prime style, he undertook to lift up Linkum.

"Well," observed the stranger, "this is a chap without no end to him—he'd be pretty long a drowning, any how. If there was many more like him in the gutters, it would be better to get a windlass, and wind 'em up. I never see'd a man with so much slack. The corporation ought to buy him, starch him up stiff, cut a hole for a clock in his hat, and use him for a steeple; only Downing wouldn't like to trust himself on the top of such a ricketty concern.—Neighbour, shall I fetch the Humane Society's apparatus?"

"No—I ain't drownded, only bumped severe. The curbstones have touched my feelings. I'm all over like a map—red, blue, and green."

"Now," said their friendly assistant, grinning at the joke, and at the recompense he had received for the job, "now, you two hook on to one another like Siameses, and mosey. You've only got to tumble one a top of t'other, and it won't hurt. Tortle off—it's slick going—'specially if you're going down. Push ahead!" continued he, as he hitched them together; and away they went, *a pair of slippers*, arm in arm. Many were their tumbles and many their mischances before they reached their selected resting place.

"I can't stand this," said Linkum to his companion, as they were slipping and falling; "but it's mostly owing to my being so tall. I wish I was razee'd, and then it wouldn't happen. The awning posts almost knock the head off me; I'm always tumbling over wheelbarrows, dogs, and children, because, if I look down, I'm certain to knock my noddle against something above. It's a complete nuisance to be so tall. Beds are too short; if you go to a tea-fight, the people are always tumbling over

your trotters, and breaking their noses, which is what young ladies ain't partial to; and if you tipple too much toddy of a slippery night—about as easy a thing to do as you'd wish to try—you're sure to get a hyst a square long—just such a one as I've had. If I'd thought of it, I could have said the multiplication table while I was going the figure. Stumpy chaps, such as you, ain't got no troubles in this world."

"That's all you know about it," puffed Brevis, as Linkum alternately jerked him from his feet, and then caused him to slide in the opposite direction, with his heels ploughing the ice, like a shaft horse holding back: "phew! That's all you know about it—stumpies have troubles."

"I can't borrow coats," added Linkum, soliloquizing, "because I don't like cuffs at the elbows. I can't borrow pants, because it isn't the fashion to wear knee-breeches, and all my stockings are socks. I can't hide when anybody owes me a lambasting. You can see me a mile. When I sit by the fire, I can't get near enough to warm my body, without burning my knees; and in a stage-coach, there's no room between the benches, and the way you get the cramp—don't mention it."

"I don't know nothing about all these things; but to imagine I was a tall chap——"

"Don't try; you'll hurt yourself, for it's a great stretch of imagination for a little feller to do that."

After which amicable colloquy, nothing more was heard of them, except that, before retiring to rest, they chuckled over the idea that the coming spring would sweat the ice to death for the annoyance it had caused them. But ever while they live, will they remember "the night of hysts."

INDECISION.

"An obstinate temper is very disagreeable, particularly in a wife; a passionate one very shocking in a child; but for one's own particular comfort, Heaven help the possessor of an irresolute one!—Its day of hesitation—its night of repentance—the mischief it does—the misery it feels!—its proprietor may well say, 'Nobody can tell what I suffer but myself!'"

We know not to whom the remarks above quoted are to be attributed, but every observer of human actions will acquiesce in their justice. There are few misfortunes greater than the possession of an irresolute mind. Other afflictions are temporary in their nature; the most inveterate of chronic diseases leaves the patient his hours of comfort; but he who lacks decision of character must cease to act altogether before he can be released from the suffering it occasions. It is felt, whether the occasion be great or small, whenever there is more than one method of arriving at the same end, and it veers like a *girouette* at the aspect of alternatives. One can scarcely go so far as the poet, who quaintly says:

> *"It needs but this, be bold, bold, bold;*
> *'Tis every virtue told—*
> *Honour and truth, humanity and skill,*
> *The noblest charity the mind can will."*

But the lines are pregnant with meaning. The curse of indecision impedes the growth of virtue, and renders our best powers comparatively inoperative.

It would certainly be the parent of interminable confusion if all men were qualified to lead in the affairs of the world. The impulse to direct and to command is almost irrepressible. He who is born with it instinctively places himself at the head of a movement, and clutches the baton of authority as if it had been his plaything from infancy. Even in the sports of childhood, the controlling and master spirit of the merry group is to be detected at a glance; and, if three men act together for a day, the leading mind discovers and assumes its place. The inferior in mental power sink rapidly to their appropriate station; the contemplation of an emergency tends to convince them that they are incompetent to head the column, and, although they may grumble a little, they soon fall quietly into the ranks. It, therefore, would not answer if all men had that self-reliance and that iron will which are the essential ingredients in the composition of a leading mind. The community would be broken up into a mob of generals, with never a soldier to be had for love or money. There would be no more harmony extant than there is in the vocal efforts of a roomfull of bacchanalians, when each man singeth his own peculiar song, and hath no care but that he may be louder than his boon companions. Our time would be chiefly spent in trying to disprove the axiom, that when two men ride a horse one must ride behind. Each pony in the field would have riders enough; but, instead of jogging steadily toward any definite end, he who was in the rear would endeavour to clamber to the front, and thus a species of universal leap-frog would be the order of the day. Great results could not be achieved, for action in masses would be a thing unheard of, and the nations would be a collection of unbound sticks.

Yet the cultivation of the energies to a certain extent

is a matter of import to the welfare and happiness of every individual. We are frequently placed in circumstances in which it is necessary to be our own captain-general; and, with all deference to the improving spirit of the time, and to the labours of the many who devote themselves to the advancement of education, it must be confessed that the energies do not always receive the attention to which they are entitled. It is true there is an abundance of teaching; we can scarcely move without coming in contact with a professor of something, who, in the plenitude of his love for his fellows, promises, for the most trifling consideration, to impart as much if not more than he knows himself, in a time so incredibly short that, if we were not aware of the wonder-working power of the high pressure principle, we should not believe it; but no one has yet appeared in the useful characte of a "Professor of Decision"—no one has yet thought it a good speculation to teach in six lessons of an hour each, the art of being able without assistance speedily to make up the mind upon a given subject, and to keep it made up, like a well-packed knapsack. There are arithmeticians and algebraists in plenty; but the continent may be ranged without finding him who can instruct us how to solve, as Jack Downing would express it, a "tuff sum" in conduct, and to act unflinchingly upon the answer; and ingenuity has discovered no instrument to screw the mind to the sticking place. Now, although humility may be a very amiable characteristic, and deference to the opinions of others a very pleasing trait, yet promptness in decision and boldness in action form the best leggins with which to scramble through the thistles and prickles of active life; and a professor of the kind alluded to would doubtless have many pupils from the ranks of those who have, by virtue of sundry tears

and scratches, become anxious for a pair of nether integuments of that description. At least, he might rely upon

DUBERLY DOUBTINGTON,

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND

"LEAH, tell your master dinner's been waiting for him this hour."

"He can't come, mem;—the man's with him yet, mem."

"What man?"

"The solumcolly man, mem;—the man that stays so long, and is always so hard to go."

Every one who has visiters is aware of the great difference among them in the matter referred to by Leah. In fact, they may be divided into two classes—visiters who are "easy to go" and administer themselves, according to Hahnemann, in homœopathic doses, and visiters who are "hard to go," and are exhibited in quantity, in conformity with regular practice.

The individual who was guilty of keeping Mr. Edax Rerum from his dinner was Duberly Doubtington, a man who couldn't make up his mind—a defect of character which rendered him peculiarly hard to go, and made him responsible for having caused many to eat their mutton cold. It was Juliet who found,

"Parting such sweet sorrow,
That she could say good night till it be morrow;"

and Duberly's farewells are equally interminable. When he has once fairly effected a lodgment, he is rooted to

the spot. It is as difficult for him to go off, as it frequently is for stage heroes to make their pistols shoot. But, though it is hard for him to go, yet he finds it quite easy to be hours in going. By way of preparation, he first reaches his hat, and "smooths its raven down." He then lays it aside again for the greater convenience of drawing on a glove, and that operation being completed, the gauntlet is speedily drawn off that he may adjust his side-locks. Much time being consumed in these interesting preliminaries, he has no difficulty at all in employing an additional hour when once fairly upon his legs. He discourses over the back of his chair, he pauses at the parlour door, he hesitates in the hall, and rallies manfully on the outer steps. The colder t weather the more determined his grasp upon his victi having decidedly the advantage over the resident of the mansion, in being hatted, coated, and gloved. In this way, indeed, he deserves a medal from the faculty for cutting out doctor's work, especially in influenza times.

The straps and buckles of Duberly's resolution will not hold, no matter how tightly he may pull them up, and he has suffered much in the unphilosophic attempt to sit upon two stools. When he starts upon a race, an unconsidered shade of opinion is sure to catch him by the skirt, and draw him back. He is, in a measure, Fabian in policy. He shifts his position continually, and never hazards an attack. His warfare is a succession of feints and unfinished demonstrations, and he has been aptly likened to a leaden razor, which looks sharp enough, but will turn in the cutting. He is in want of a pair of mental spectacles; for he has a weakness in the optic nerve of his mind's eye which prevents him, in regarding the future, from seeing beyond the nose of the present movement. The chemistry of events, which

figures out ulterior results from immediate combination and instant action, is a science as yet unknown to Duberly, Doubtington. He cannot tell what to think; he knows not what to do. The situations in which he is placed have never occurred to him before; the lights of experience are wanting, and he is therefore perplexed in the labyrinth. Like the fabled coffin of Mohammed, he is always in a state of "betweenity." He is, in short, as a forcible writer well observes, one of those unfortunate people who seldom experience "*the sweet slumber of a decided opinion.*"

Such is the moral man of Duberly Doubtington, and his physical man betrays traits of indecision equally as strong. He tries to encourage his heart by cocking his beaver *à la militaire*, but its furry fierceness cannot contradict the expression of the features it surmounts. His eyebrows form an uncertain arch, rising nearly an inch above the right line of determination, and the button of his nose is so large and blunt as to lend any thing but a penetrating look to his countenance. His under lip droops as if afraid to clench resolutely with its antagonist; and his whiskers hang dejectedly down, instead of bristling like a *chevaux de frise* toward the outer angle of the eye. The hands of Mr. Doubtington always repose in his pockets, unwilling to trust to their own means of support, and he invariably leans his back against the nearest sustaining object. When he walks, his feet shuffle here and there so dubiously that one may swear they have no specific orders where to go; and so indefinite are the motions of his body, that even the tails of his coat have no characteristic swing. They look, not like Mr. Doubtington's coat-tails, but like coat-tails in the abstract—undecided coat-tails, that have not yet got the hang of anybody's back, and have acquired no

more individuality than those which dangle at the shop doors in Water street.

Duberly Doubtington was at one time tolerably comfortable in his pecuniary circumstances. His father had been successful in trade, and, of course, thought it unnecessary to teach his children to make up their minds about any thing but enjoying themselves. This neglect, however, proved fatal to the elder Doubtington.

That worthy individual being taken one warm summer afternoon with an apoplectic fit, the younger Doubtington was so perplexed whether or not to send for a physician, and if he did, what physician should be called in—whether he should or should not try to bleed him with a penknife, and whether it was most advisable to h: him put to bed up stairs or to leave him upon the f down stairs,—that the old gentleman, being rather pressed for time, could not await the end of the debate, and quietly slipped out of the world before his son could make up his mind as to the best method of keeping him in it. In fact, it was almost a chance that the senior Doubtington obtained sepulture at all, as Duberly could not make up his mind where that necessary business should take place; and he would have been balancing the pros and cons of the question to this day, if some other person, more prompt of decision, had not settled the matter.

Duberly Doubtington was now his own master. There were none entitled to direct, to control, or to advise him. He was the Phæton of his own fortunes, and could drive the chariot where he pleased. But, although he had often looked forward to this important period with much satisfaction, and had theorised upon it with great delight, yet in practice he found it not quite so well adapted to his peculiar abilities as he thought it would

be. A share of decision is required even by those who are placed beyond the necessity of toiling for bread. The disposition of his means frequently called on him to resolve upon a definite course.

"I regard it as a very fair investment, Mr. Doubtington," said his broker; "your money is useless where it is."

'But, what do you advise?—under the circumstances, what should I do?" replied Duberly.

"Of course, I don't pretend to direct. I want no unnecessary responsibility. There's no knowing what may happen these slippery times. I think the chance a good one; but make up your mind about it."

There are people who talk about making up one's mind as if it were a task as easy as to eat a dinner, or as if it were as purely mechanical as driving a nail, or putting on a pair of old familiar boots.

"I pay that man for attending to my business," muttered Duberly, "and yet he has the impudence to tell me to make up my mind!—That's the very thing I want him to do for me. The tailor makes my clothes—Sally makes my bed—nature makes my whiskers, and John makes my fires; yet I must be bothered to make up my mind about money matters! I can't—the greatest nuisances alive are these responsibility shifting people; and, if some one would tell me who else to get to attend to my business, I'd send that fellow flying."

Difficult, however, as he supposed it would be, Duberly at length found a gentleman manager of his pecuniary affairs, who never troubled him to make up his mind, with what results shall appear anon.

Duberly could not resolve whether it was the best policy to travel first in the old world or in the new, and he therefore did neither; but as time is always heavy on

the hands of those who have much of it at disposal, and as it is difficult to lounge eternally at home, or in the street, he slowly established what the Scotch call a "howf" for each portion of the day. In the morning he dozed over the newspapers at a reading room; between noon and the dinner hour, he lolled upon three chairs at the office of his friend Capias the lawyer, by way of facilitating that individual's business; the afternoon was divided between whittling switches at home and riding to some popular resort, where he cut his name upon the table. In the evening, if he did not yawn at the theatre, he visited some hospitable mansion where the elders were good natured and the juniors agreeable.

At the house of Mrs. St. Simon Sapsago, a bouncing widow, with a dashing son, and a pair of daughters, Mr. Duberly Doubtington was invariably well received; for, although he could not make up his mind, he was in other respects so "eligible" that Mrs. St. Simon Sapsago was always pleased to see him, and willing that he should either listen or talk as much as he liked within her doors. Miss Ethelinda St. Simon Sapsago was a very pretty girl; and, for some reason or other, comported herself so graciously to Duberly, that, when troubled to form a conclusion, he usually asked her advice, and to his great satisfaction, was sure to receive it in a comfortable, decisive way.

"Miss Ethelinda, I'm trying to make up my mind about coats; but I can't tell whether I like bright buttons or not. Nor do I know exactly which are the nicest colours. I do wish there was only one sort of buttons, and only one kind of colour; the way every thing is now, is so tiresome—one's perpetually bothered."

So Ethelinda St. Simon Sapsago, with her sweetest

smile, would give her views upon the subject, to Duberly's great delight. In fact, she was his "council's consistory;" or, as the Indians have it, she was his "sense-bearer," a very important item in the sum total of one's domestic relations.

But, though these consultations were very frequent, still Duberly said nothing to the purpose, notwithstanding the fact that every one looked upon it as a "settled thing," and wanted to know when it was to be. Duberly Doubtington, however, never dreamed of matrimony; or if he did, it only floated like a vague mist across the distant horizon of his speculative thoughts. He regarded it as a matter of course that, at some period or other, he should have a wife and children—just as we all expect either to be bald, or to have gray hairs, and to die: but he shivered at the idea of being called on to make up his mind on such a step. He had a faint hope that he would be married, as it were, imperceptibly; that it would, like old age, steal upon him by degrees, so that he might be used to it before he found it out. The connubial state, however, is not a one into which a Doubtington can slide by degrees; there is no such thing as being imperceptibly married, a fact of which Mrs. and Miss St. Simon Sapsago were fully aware, and, therefore, resolved to precipitate matters by awakening Duberly's jealousy.

Ethelinda became cold upon giving her advice on the subject of new coats and other matters. Indeed, when asked by Duberly whether she did not think it would be better for him to curtail his whiskers somewhat during the summer months, she went so far as to say that she didn't care what he did with them, and that she never had observed whether he wore huge corsair whiskers, or lawyerlike apologies. Duberly was shocked at a defection so flagrant on the part of his "sense-bearer."

Insult his whiskers!—he couldn't make up his mind what to think of it.

But still more shocked was he when he observed that she smiled upon Mr. Adolphus Fitzflam, who cultivated immense black curls, latitudinarian whiskers, black moustaches, with an *imperial* to match—Fitzflam, who made it the business of his life to "do the appalling," and out-haired everybody except the bison at the "Zoological Institute." Duberly felt uncomfortable; he was not in love—at least he had never found it out—but he was troubled with a general uneasiness, an oppression, a depression, and a want of appetite. "Gastric derangement," said the quack advertisements, and Duberly took a box of pills: "but one disease," said the newspapers, and Duberly swallowed another box of pills, but without relief. Whenever Fitzflam approached, the symptoms returned.

"I can't make up my mind about it," said Duberly; "but I don't think I like that buffalo fellow, Fitzflam. Why don't they make him up into mattrasses, and stuff cushions with whatever's left?"

* * * * * *

"Mr. Doubtington, isn't Augustus Fitzflam a duck?" said Ethelinda one evening when they were left *tête-à-tête;* "such beautiful hair!"

"I can't tell whether he's a duck or not," said Duberly, dryly, "I haven't seen much more of him than the tip of his nose; but, if not a member of the goose family, he will some day share the fate of the man I saw at Fairmount—be drowned in his own *locks.*"

"But he looks so romantic—so piratical—as if he had something on his mind, never slept, and had a silent sorrow here."

"He had better try a box of the vegetable pills," thought Duberly.

"Well, I do declare it's not surprising that so many have fallen in love with Adolphus Fitzflam," and Miss Ethelinda St. Simon Sapsago breathed a scarcely perceptible sigh.

Duberly started—his eyes were opened to his own complaint at once, and somehow or other, without making up his mind, he hurriedly declared himself.

"Speak to my ma," faintly whispered Miss Ethelinda St. Simon Sapsago.

"To[illegible]rrow," replied Duberly Doubtington, taking a tender, but rapid farewell.

Duberly was horror-struck at his own rashness. He tossed and rolled all night, trying to make up his mind as to the propriety of his conduct. He stayed at home all day for the same purpose, and the next day found him still irresolute.

"Mrs. St. Simon Sapsago's compliments, and wishes to know if Mr. Duberly Doubtington is ill."

"No!"

Three days more, and yet the mind of Mr. Doubtington was a prey to perplexity.

Mr. Julius St. Simon Sapsago called to ask the meaning of his conduct, and Duberly promised to inform him when he had made up his mind.

Mr. Adolphus Fitzflam, as the friend of Julius St. S. Sapsago, with a challenge.

"Leave your errand, boy," said Doubtington, angrily, "and go."

Fitzflam winked at the irregularity, and retreated.

Duberly lighted a cigar with the cartel, and puffed away vigorously.

'What's to be done?—marry, or be shot! I don't like either—at least, I've come to no conclusion on the subject. When I've made up my mind, I'll let 'em know—plenty of time."

No notice being taken of the challenge, Mr. Julius St. Simon Sapsago assaulted Mr. Doubtington in the street with a horsewhip, while Fitzflam stood by to enjoy the sport. There is nothing like a smart external application to quicken the mental faculties, and so our hero found it.

"Stop!" said he, dancing *à la Celeste.*

"You're a scoundrel!" cried Julius, and the whip cracked merrily.

"I've made up my mind!" replied Duberly, suddenly shooting his clenched fist into the countenance of the flagellating Julius, who turned a backward summerset over a wheelbarrow. Fitzflam lost his hat in an abrupt retreat up the street, and he was fortunate in his swiftness, for, "had all his hairs been lives," Duberly would have plucked them.

But, from this moment, the star of Duberly Doubtington began to wane. The case of Sapsago *versus* Doubtington, for breach of promise of marriage, made heavy inroads upon his fortune. His new man of business, who took the responsibility of managing his money affairs without pestering him for directions, sunk the whole of his cash in the Bubble and Squeak Railroad and Canal Company, incorporated with banking privileges. Doubtington, therefore, for once was resolute, and turned politician; and in this capacity it was that he called upon Mr. Edax Rerum for his influence to procure him an office. He still lives in the hope of a place, but, unluckily for himself, can never make up his mind on which side to be zealous until the crisis is past and zeal is useless.

His last performance was characteristic. Having escorted the Hon. Phinkey Phunks to the steamboat, the vessel began to move before he had stepped ashore. He stood trembling on the brink. "Jump, you fool!" said a jarvey.—"Take keer—it's too fur!" said a newspaper boy. The advice being balanced, Doubtington was perplexed, and, making a half step, as the distance widened, he plumped into the river. He was fished out almost drowned, and, as he stood streaming and wo-begone upon the wharf, while other less liquid patriots earned golden opinions by shouting, "Hurrah for Phunks!" imagination could scarcely conceive a more appropriate emblem of the results of indecision than that presented by Duberly Doubtington, a man who, had it been left to himself, would never have been in the world at all.

DILLY JONES;

OR, THE PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to run before the wind; and, by judiciously observing the changes of the weather, to avoid being thrown out. Fashion is so unsteady, and improvements are so rapid, that the man whose vocation yields him an abundant harvest now, may, in a few years, if he has not a keen eye, and a plastic versatility, find that his skill and his business are both useless. Many were the poor barbers shipwrecked by the tax upon hair-powder, and numerous were the leather breeches makers who were destroyed by the triumph of woollens. Their skill was doubtless very great, but it would not avail in a contest against the usages of the world; and unless they had the capacity to strike out a new course, they all shared the fate of their commodities, and retired to the dark cellars of popular estimation. Every day shows us the same principle of change at work, and no one has more reason to reflect and mourn about it than one Dilly Jones of this city. Dilly is not, perhaps, precisely the person who would be chronicled by the memoir writers of the time, or have a monument erected to him if he were no more; but Dilly is a man of a useful though humble vocation, and no one can saw hickory with more classic elegance, or sit upon

the curbstone and take his dinner with more picturesque effect.

Yet, as has been hinted above, Dilly has his sorrows, particularly at night, after a hard day's work, when his animal spirits have been exhausted by reducing gum logs to the proper measure. In the morning he is full of life and energy, feeling as if he could saw a cord of Shot-towers, and snap the pillars of the Bank across his knee like pipe stems. In the full flush of confidence at that time of day, reflection batters against him in vain; but as the night draws on, Dilly feels exhausted and spiritless. His enthusiasm seems to disappear with the sun, and neither the moon nor the stars can cause high tide in the river of his mind. The current of his good spirits shrinks in its channel, leaving the gay and gorgeous barques of hope and confidence drearily ashore on the muddy flats; and his heart fails him as if it were useless longer to struggle against adversity.

It was in this mood that he was once seen travelling homeward, with his horse and saw fixed scientifically upon his shoulders. He meandered in his path in the way peculiar to men of his vocation, and travelled with that curvilinear elegance which at once indicates that he who practises it is of the wood-sawing profession, and illustrates the lopsided consequences of giving one leg more to do than the other. But Dilly was too melancholy on this occasion to feel proud of his professional air, and perhaps, had he thought of it, would have reproved the leg which performed the "sweep of sixty," for indulging in such graces, and thereby embarrassing its more humble brother, which, knowing that a right line is the shortest distance between two places, laboured to go straight to its destination. Dilly, however, had no

such stuff in his thoughts. His mind was reasoning from the past to the future, and was mournfully meditating upon the difficulties of keeping up with the changes of the times, which roll onward like a Juggernaut, and crush all who are not swift enough to maintain themselves in the lead. He wondered why fashions and customs should so continually change, and repined that he could not put a spoke in their wheel, that the trade of one's early days might likewise be the trade of one's latter years. So complete was his abstraction that he unconsciously uttered his thoughts aloud:

"Sawing wood's going all to smash," said he, "and that's where every thing goes what I speculates in. This here coal is doing us up. Ever since these black stones was brought to town, the wood-sawyers and pilers, and them soap-fat and hickory-ashes men, has been going down; and, for my part, I can't say as how I see what's to be the end of all their new-fangled contraptions. But it's always so; I'm always crawling out of the little end of the horn. I began life in a comfortable sort of a way; selling oysters out of a wheelbarrow, all clear grit, and didn't owe nobody nothing. Oysters went down slick enough for a while, but at last cellars was invented, and darn the oyster, no matter how nice it was pickled, could poor Dill sell; so I had to eat up capital and profits myself. Then the 'pepree pot smoking' was sot up, and went ahead pretty considerable for a time; but a parcel of fellers come into it, said my cats wasn't as good as their'n, when I know'd they was as fresh as any cats in the market; and pepree pot was no go. Bean soup was just as bad; people said kittens wasn't good done that way, and the more I hollered, the more the customers wouldn't come, and them what did, wanted tick. Along with the boys and their pewter fips, them what got trust

and didn't pay, and the abusing of my goods, I was soon fotch'd up in the victualling line—and I busted for the benefit of my creditors. But genius riz. I made a raise of a horse and saw, after being a wood-piler's prentice for a while, and working till I was free, and now here comes the coal to knock this business in the head. My people's decent people, and I can't disgrace 'em by turning Charcoal Jemmy, or smashing the black stones with a pickaxe. They wouldn't let me into no society at all if I did."

The idea of being excluded from the upper circles of he society in which he had been in the habit of moving, fell heavily upon the heart of poor Dilly Jones. He imagined the curled lips and scornful glances of the aristocratic fair, who now listened with gratification to his compliments and to his soft nonsense; he saw himself passed unrecognised in the street—absolutely cut by his present familiar friends, and the thought of losing caste almost crushed his already dejected spirit.

The workings of his imagination, combined with the fatigue of his limbs, caused such exhaustion, that, dislodging his horse from his shoulder, he converted it into a camp-stool, seated himself under the lee of a shop window, and, after slinging his saw petulantly at a dog, gazed with vacant eyes upon the people who occasionally passed, and glanced at him with curiosity.

"Hey, mister!" said a shop-boy, at last, "I want to get shut of you, 'cause we're goin' to shet up. You're right in the way, and if you don't boom along, why Ben and me will have to play hysence, clearance, puddin's out with you afore you've time to chalk your knuckles—won't we, Ben?"

"We'll plump him off of baste before he can say fliance, or get a sneak. We're knuckle dabsters, both on us.

You'd better emigrate—the old man's coming, and if he finds you here, he'll play the mischief with you, before you can sing out 'I'm up if you knock it and ketch.'"

So saying, the two lads placed themselves one on each side of Dilly, and began swinging their arms with an expression that hinted very plainly at a forcible ejectment. Dilly, however, who had forgotten all that he ever knew of the phrases so familiar to those who scientifically understand the profound game of marbles, wore the puzzled air of one who labours to comprehend what is said to him. But the meaning became so apparent as not to be mistaken, when Ben gave a sudden pull at the horse which almost dismounted the rider.

"Don't be so unfeelin'," ejaculated Dilly, as he clutched the cross-bars of his seat; "don't be unfeelin', for a man in grief is like a wood-piler in a cellar—mind how you chuck, or you'll crack his calabash."

"Take care of your calabash then," was the grinning response; "you must skeete, even if you have to cut high-dutchers with your irons loose, and that's no fun."

"High-dutch yourself, if you know how; only go 'way from me, 'cause I ain't got no time."

"Well," said the boys, "haven't we caught you on our payment?—what do you mean by crying here—what do you foller when you're at home?"

"I works in wood; that's what I foller."

"You're a carpenter, I s'pose," said Ben, winking at Tom.

"No, not exactly; but I saws wood better nor any half dozen loafs about the drawbridge. If it wasn't for grief, I'd give both of you six, and beat you too the best day you ever saw, goin' the rale gum and hickory—for I don't believe you're gentlemen's sons; nothin' but poor

trash—half and half—want to be and can't, or you wouldn't keep a troubling of me."

"Gauley, Ben, if he isn't a wharf-rat! If you don't trot, as I've told you a'ready, boss will be down upon you and fetch you up like a catty on a cork-line—jerk!"

"That's enough," replied Dilly; "there's more places nor one in the world—at least there is yet; new fashions haven't shut up the streets yet, and obligated people to hire hackney balloons if they want to go a walkin', or omnibus boardin' houses when they want a fip's worth of dinner, or a levy's worth of sleep. Natural legs is got some chance for a while anyhow, and a man can get along if he ain't got clock-vurks to make him go.

'I hope, by'm'by," added Dill scornfully, as he marched away from the chuckling lads, "that there won't be no boys to plague people. I'd vote for that new fashion myself. Boys is luisances, accordin' to me."

He continued to soliloquize as he went, and his last observations were as follows:

"I wonder, if they wouldn't list me for a Charley? Hollering oysters and bean soup has guv' me a splendid woice; and instead of skeering 'em away, if the thieves were to hear me singing out, my style of doing it would almost coax 'em to come and be took up. They'd feel like a bird when a snake is after it, and would walk up, and poke their coat collars right into my fist. Then, after a while, I'd perhaps be promoted to the fancy business of pig ketching, which, though it is werry light and werry elegant, requires genus. Tisn't every man that can come the scientifics in that line, and has studied the nature of a pig, so as to beat him at canœuvering, and make him surrender 'cause he sees it ain't no use of doing nothing. It wants larning to convince them critters, and it's only

to be done by heading 'em up handsome, hopping which ever way they hop, and tripping 'em up genteel by shaking hands with their off hind leg. I'd scorn to pull their tails out by the roots, or to hurt their feelin's by dragging 'em about by the ears.

"But what's the use? If I was listed, they'd soon find out to holler the hour and to ketch the thieves by steam; yes, and they'd take 'em to court on a railroad, and try 'em with biling water. They'll soon have black locomotives for watchmen and constables, and big bilers for judges and mayors. Pigs will be ketched by steam, and will be biled fit to eat before they are done squealing. By and by, folks won't be of no use at all. There won't be no people in the world but tea kettles; no mouths, but safety valves; and no talking, but blowing off steam. If I had a little biler inside of me, I'd turn omnibus, and week-days I'd run from Kensington to the Navy Yard, and Sundays I'd run to Fairmount."

THE FLESHY ONE.

"'Twas fat, not fate, by which Napoleon fell."

THERE is a little man in a sister city—there are little men in most cities—but the one now on the tapis is a peculiar little man—a fat little man. He is one who may be described as a person about five feet—five feet high and very nearly five feet thick, bearing much resemblance to a large New England pumpkin stuck upon a pair of beets. When he lies down to sleep, were it not for his nose at one extremity and his toes at the other, the spectator would naturally suppose that he was standing upright under the cover. When he descends the stairs, he might as well roll on his side as fatigue himself with walking; and, as for tumbling down as other people tumble down, that is out of the question with Berry Huckel, or Huckel Berry, as he is sometimes called, because of his roundness. Should he, however, chance to trip,—which he is apt to do, not being able to reconnoitre the ground in the vicinity of his feet,—before he achieves a fair start from the perpendicular, his "corporosity" touches the ground which his hands in vain attempt to reach, and he remains, until helped up, in the position of a schoolboy stretching himself over a cotton bale. Had he been the Lucius Junius of antiquity, the Pythia would never have been so silly as to advise him to kiss his mother earth; for

unless his legs are tilted up by some one like the handles of a wheelbarrow, Berry Huckel can never bite the dust. He cannot fall on his nose—that glorious privilege has been denied to men of his periphery; but when enjoying moderate serenity of mind, he is always able to sleep o' nights, therein having no trifling advantage over your Seurats, your Edsons, your walking anatomies, whose aspect is a reproach to those who have the feeding of them.

But biographical accuracy, and a desire that future generations may not be misled as to those important facts which make up the aggregate of history, render it necessary to avow that these fleshy attributes worry Mr. Berry Huckel. He cannot look upon the slender longitude of a bean-pole, he cannot observe the attenuated extent of a hop-stick, or regard the military dandyism of a grey-hound's waist, without experiencing emotions of envy, and wishing that he had himself been born to the same lankiness of figure, the same emaciation of contour. He rejoices not in his dimensions, and, contrary to all rules in physical science, believes that what he gains in weight, he loses in importance. It must, however, be confessed that he has some reason for discontent. He cannot wear shoes, for he must have assistance to tie them, and other fingers than his own to pull them up at heel. Boots are not without their vexations, although he has a pair of long hooks constructed expressly for his own use; and should a mosquito bite his knee—which mosquitoes are apt to do—it costs him a penny to hire a boy to scratch it. Berry is addicted to literature, and once upon a time could write tolerable verses, when he was thin enough to sit so near a table as to be able to write upon it. But this is not the case at present. His body is too large, and his arms too short, for such an achievement.

It is happily so arranged that the mind of man in general accommodates itself to circumstances. We become reconciled to that which is beyond remedy, and at length scarcely bestow a thought upon subjects which, when new, were sources of much disquietude and annoyance. In fact, owing to the compensating principle so often acted on by nature, it is by no means rare to find vanity flourishing most luxuriantly in those who have least cause to entertain the feeling. The more numerous our defects, the greater is our self-satisfaction, and thus the bitterness and discontent that might be engendered by a knowledge that in mental or in physical gifts we are far inferior to the majority of mankind, are harmlessly and pleasantly prevented. Who so happy as the simpleton, who is unconscious of any difference between himself and the superior spirits with whom he is thrown in contact, and who would smilingly babble his *niaiseries* in the presence of the assembled wisdom of the world? Who look more frequently or with greater delight into the mirror, than they who have in truth but little reason to be gratified with the object it reflects?—and who indulge more in personal adornment than they in whom it would be the best policy to avoid display, and to attract the least possible attention to their outward proportions? The ugly man is apt to imagine that the fair are in danger of being smitten with him at first sight, and perhaps—but we do not pretend to much knowledge on this branch of the subject, though suspecting, contrary to the received opinion, that the masculine gender are much more liable to the delusions of conceit than the softer sex, and that the guilty, having a more perfect command of the public ear, have in this instance, as in many others, charged their own sins upon the guiltless—perhaps plain women are to a certain extent

subject to the same imputation. But who, even if he had the power, would be so unfeeling as to dissolve the charm and dissipate the "glamour" which is so potent in making up the estimate, when we sit in judgment on ourselves? Who, indeed, could do it safely?—for every one is indebted to the witchery of self-deception for no small portion of the comfortable sensations that strew flowers on his path through life; and it would be the height of cruelty if the "giftie" desired by Burns were accorded, enabling us to "see oursels as ithers see us." It was—had it been carried out to its full extent—an unkind offer, that of Cassius to play the moral looking-glass to his brother conspirator, and "show that to himself which he yet knew not of." If true and unrelenting in its office, such a looking-glass would be in danger of a fracture, and it would have the alternatives of being either considered as a malicious exaggerator, or as a mere falsifier that delights to wound.

But digression is a runaway steed,—all this bears but slantingly on Berry Huckel, and they who love not generalizing, may substitute for it the individual specification that, owing to the comforting operation of custom, even Berry might not have troubled himself on the score of the circumstantial and substantial fat by which he is enveloped, had it not been that in addition to an affection for himself, he had a desire that he should be equally esteemed by another. In short, Berry discovered, like many other people, that his sensibilities were expansive as well as his figure—that it was not all sufficient to happiness to love one's self, and that his heart was more than a sulky, being sufficient to carry two. Although so well fenced in, his soul was to be reached, and when reached, it was peculiarly susceptible of soft impressions. "The blind bow-boy's butt-shaft" never had a better mark.

In love, however, like does not consort with like either in complexion, in figure, or in temper, or each race would preserve its distinct lineage with the regularity of the stripes upon the tartan. The fiery little man—little men are almost always fiery, a fact which can only be accounted for on the theory, that whether the individual be big or little, he contains the same quantity of the electro-magnetism of vitality, or in other words, of the spirit of life,—this spirit in a large body, having a greater amount of matter to animate, cannot afford to flash and blaze except on extraordinary occasions—while, being superabundant in the smaller figure, it has a surplus on hand, which stimulates to restlessness and activity, engenders warmth and irritability of temper, and is always ready for explosion—thus, the fiery little man is apt to become attached to beauty upon a large scale. He loves by the ton, and will have no idol but one that he must look up to. By such means the petulance of diminutiveness is checked and qualified by the phlegmatic calmness and repose of magnitude. The walking tower, on the contrary, who shakes the earth with his ponderous tread, dreams of no other lady-love except those miniature specimens of nature's handiwork, who move with the lightness of the gossamer, and seem more like the creation of a delightful vision than tangible reality. In this, sombre greatness asks alleviation from the butterfly gayety which belongs to the figure of fairy mould. The swarthy bend the knee to those of clear and bright complexion, and your Saxon blood seeks the "dark-eyed one" to pay its devotions. The impulse of nature leads to those alliances calculated to correct faults on both sides, and to prevent their perpetuity. The grave would associate with the gay, the short pine for the tall, the fat for the lean, the sulky for the sunny—

the big covet the little; and, if our philosophy be not always borne out by the result, it is because circumstance or accident counteracts instinct, or that the cases cited form exceptions to the rule without impairing its force. A true theorist always leaves the wicket of escape open behind him.

At all events, Berry Huckel was in the strictest conformity to the rule. His affections were set upon lathiness, and if he could not fall in love, he certainly contrived to roll himself into it.

He was indulging himself in a walk on a pleasant day, and, as usual, was endeavouring to dance along and to skip over the impediments in the path, for the purpose of persuading himself that he was a light and active figure, and that if any change were going on in his corporal properties, it was a favourable one, when an event occurred which formed an era in his life. He twirled his little stick,—a big one would have looked as if he needed support,—and, pushing a boy with a basket aside, attempted to hop over a puddle which had formed on the crossing at the corner of the street. The evolution, however, was not so skilfully achieved as it would have been by any one of competent muscle who carried less weight. Berry's foot came down "on the margin of fair Zurich's waters," and caused a terrible splash, sending the liquid mud about in every direction.

"Phew!" puffed Berry, as he recovered himself, and looked with a doleful glance at the melancholy condition in which his vivacity had left his feet.

"Splut!" ejaculated the boy with the basket, as he wiped the mud out of his eyes. "Jist let me ketch you up our alley, that's all, puddy-fat!"

"Ah!" shrieked Miss Celestina Scraggs, a very tall lady, and particularly bony, as she regarded the terrible

spots and stains with which Berry had disfigured her dress: "what a pickle!"

Berry turned round at the voice of a female in distress, and the sight of her went to his heart like an arrow. Miss Celestina Scraggs was precisely his beau ideal of what a woman should be—not perhaps in countenance, but her figure was the very antipodes of his own, and he felt that his time was come. As for face and a few more years than are desirable, Berry cared not, if the lady were tall enough and thin enough, and in the individual before him he saw both those qualities combined.

"My dear madam," said Berry, ducking his head after the semblance of a bow, and raising his hat with a graceful curve—"my dear madam, I beg ten thousand pardons. Allow me, if you please," continued he, observing that she paid no attention to his speech, and was attempting to shake off the looser particles of mud, an operation in which Berry ventured to assist.

"Let me alone, sir—I wonder at your impudence," was the indignant reply, and Miss Celestina Scraggs floated onward, frowning indignantly, and muttering as she went—"First splash a body, and then insult a body! Pretty pickle,—nice situation! fat bear!"

Berry remained in attitude, his hat in one hand and his handkerchief with which he would have wiped the injured dress in the other. The scorn of the lady had no other effect on him than that of riveting his chains.

"Hip-helloo, you sir!" shouted an omnibus driver from his box, as he cracked his whip impatiently; "don't stand in the middle of the street all day a blockin' up the gangvay, or I'll drive right over you—blamenation if I don't!"

"Shin it, good man!" ejaculated a good-natured urchin; "shin it as well as you know how!"

The qualification was a good one, Berry not being well calculated for a "shinner" of the first class. So starting from his revery, he hastened to escape "as well as he knew how," and, placing his hat once more upon his head, he resolved to follow the injured lady to ascertain her residence, and to devise ways and means of seeking her favour under better auspices. He hurried up the street with breathless haste, forming a striking resemblance to the figure which a turtle would present if walking a match against time on its hinder flippers.

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Passing over intermediate circumstances, it will suffice to say that Mr. Berry Huckel discovered the residence of Miss Scraggs, and that, by perseverance, he obtained an introduction according to etiquette. The more he saw of her the more thoroughly did he become fascinated; but Miss Scraggs showed no disposition to receive his suit with any symptoms of favour. She scornfully rejected his addresses, chiefly because, although having no objection to a moderate degree of plumpness, his figure was much too round to square with her ideas of manly beauty and gentility of person. In vain did he plead the consuming passion, which, like the purest anthracite with the blower on, flamed in his bosom and consumed his vitals. Miss Scraggs saw no signs of spontaneous combustion in his jolly form; and Miss Scraggs, who is "as tall and as straight as a poplar tree," declared that she could not marry a man who would hang upon her arm like a bucket to a pump. That he was not a grenadier in height might have been forgiven; but to be short and "roly-poly" at the same time! Miss Seraphina Scraggs could not think of it—she would faint at the idea.

Berry became almost desperate. He took lessons on

the flute, and trolled forth melancholy lays beneath the lady's casement, to try the effect of dulcet sounds upon a hard heart; but having been informed from a neighbouring window that fifer-boys were not wanted in that street, and that no nuisances would be tolerated, he abandoned music in despair; and having consulted a physician as to the best method of reducing corpulency, he went to the Gymnasium, and endeavoured to climb poles and swing upon bars for hours at a time. But the unhappy Berry made but little progress, and in his unskilful efforts having damaged his nose and caused temporary injury to the beauty of his frontispiece, he gave up the design of making himself an athlete by that species of exercise. For sparring, he found that he had no genius at all, his wind being soon exhausted, and his body being such pleasant practice that his opponents never knew when to be done hitting at one whose frame gave no jarring to the knuckles. It was, however, picturesque to see Berry with the gloves on, accoutred for the fray, and squaring himself to strike and parry at his own figure in the glass. Deliberation and the line of beauty were in all his movements. Not obtaining his end in this way, he tried dieting and a quarter at dancing school; but short-commons proved too disagreeable, and his gentle agitations to the sound of the fiddle, as he *chassez'd*, *coupez'd*, *jetez'd*, and *balancez'd* only increased his appetite and added to his sorrows. Besides, his landlady threatened to discharge him for damaging the house, and alarming the sleepers by his midnight repetitions of the lessons of the day. As he lay in bed wakeful with thought, he would suddenly, as he happened to remember that every moment was of importance for the reduction of his dimensions, slide out upon the floor, and make tremendous efforts at a perform-

ance of the "pigeon-wing," each thump resounding like the report of a cannon, and causing all the glasses in the row to rattle as if under the influence of an earthquake. On one occasion indeed—it was about two o'clock in the morning—the whole house was roused by a direful, and, until then, unusual uproar in the chamber of Berry Huckel—a compound of unearthly singing and of appalling knocks on the floor. The boldest, having approached the door to listen, applied their ears to the keyhole, and heard as follows: "Turn out your toes—forward two—tol-de-rol-tiddle (*thump*)—tiddle (*bump*)—twiddle (*bang!*)—cross over—tiddle (*whack*)—twiddle (*smack*)—tiddle (*crack*)—twiddle (*bang!*)"

(*Rap! rap! rap!*) "Good gracious, Mr. Huckel, what's the meaning of all this?—are you crazy?"

"No, I'm dancing—*balancez!*—tiddle (*bump*)—tiddle (*thump*)—tiddle (*bang!*)"

Crash! splash! went the basin-stand, and the boarders rushing in, found Berry Huckel in "the garb of old Gaul," stumbling amid the fragments he had caused by his devotions to the graces. He was in disgrace for a week, and always laboured under the imputation of having been a little *non-com* on that occasion; but with love to urge him on, what is there that man will not strive to accomplish?

* * * * * *

Berry's dancing propensity led him to various balls and hops; and on one of these occasions, he met Miss Scraggs in all her glory, but as disdainful as ever. After bowing to her with that respectful air, which intimated that the heart he carried, though lacerated by her conduct, was still warm with affection, he took a little weak lemonade, which, as he expressed it, was the appropriate tipple for gentlemen in his situation, and then

placed himself immediately under the fiddlers, leaning against the wall in a despairing attitude, arms carelessly crossed, a handkerchief dangling negligently from his little finger, his mouth half open, and his eyes now fixed with resignation upon the ceiling, and anon dropping misanthropically to the ground. The *tout ensemble* was touching in the extreme, but Miss Scraggs only smiled derisively when her eyes fell upon her dejected lover.

Berry, however, finding that this would not do, cheered himself with wine, and danced furiously at every opportunity. Gracefully glided the dancers, merrily twinkled their feet, and joyously squeaked the fiddles, as Berry, late in the evening, panting with his previous Terpsichorean exertions, resolved to have a chat with the obdurate Seraphina, and solicited the honour of her fair hand for the next set.

"Mons'us warm, miss," said Berry, by way of opening the conversation in a novel and peculiarly elegant way, "mons'us warm, and dancing makes it mons'us worse."

"Very mons'us," replied Miss Scraggs, glancing at him from head to foot with rather a satirical look, for Miss Scraggs is disposed to set up for a wit; "very mons'us, indeed. But you look warm, Mr. Huckel—hadn't you better try a little punch? It will agree with your figure."

"Punch!" exclaimed Berry, in dismay, as he started back three steps—"Oh, Judy!"

He rushed to the refreshment room to cool his fever—he snatched his hat from its dusky guardian, forgetting to give him a "levy," and hurriedly departed.

It was not many hours afterwards that Berry—his love undiminished, and his knowledge refreshed that gymnastics are a remedy against exuberance of flesh—was seen

with his hat upon a stepping stone in front of a house in Chestnut street, labouring with diligence at jumping over both the stone and the chapeau. But the heaviness of his heart seemed to rob his muscles of their elasticity. He failed at each effort, and kicked his hat into the middle of the street.

"Phew!" said he, "my hat will be ruinationed to all intents and purposes. Oh! if I wasn't so fat, I might be snoozing it off at the rate of nine knots instead of tiring myself to death. Fat ain't of no use, but on the contrary. Fat horses, fat cows, and fat sheep are respected accordin', but fat men are respected disaccordin'. Folks laugh—the gals turn up their noses, and Miss Scraggs punches my feelings with a personal insinuation. Punch! oh my!—It's tiresome, to be sure, to jump over this 'ere, but it's a good deal tiresomer to be so jolly you can't jump at all, and can't even jump into a lady's affeckshins. So here's at it agin. Warn'ee wunst! warn'ee twy'st! warn'ee three times—all the way home!'

Berry stooped low, swinging his arms with a pendulum motion at each exclamation, and was about assuming the salient attitude of the pound of butter which Dawkins, for want of a heavier missile, threw at his wife, when he was suddenly checked by the arrival of a fellow boarder, who exclaimed, "Why, Berry, what *are* you at?"

"Don't baulk, good man—I say, don't baulk—but now you have done it, can you jump over that 'ere hat, fair standing jump, with a brick in each hand—none of your long runs and hop over?—kin you do it?—answer me that!" queried Berry, as he blew in his hands, and then commenced flapping his arms *à la* wood-sawyer.

"Perhaps I might—but it won't do for us to be cutting rusties here at this time o' night. You had better sing mighty small, I tell you."

"Pooh! pooh! don't be redickalis. The doctor says if I don't exercise, I'll be smothered; and Miss Scraggs called me punch, and won't have me—I'm jumping for my life, and for my wife too."

"You'd better go prentice to Jeames Crow," said his friend Brom, dryly, "and learn the real scientifics."

"It would make me laugh," replied Berry, gravely; "such as you can afford to laugh and get fat, but I can't. I've jumped six fireplugs a' ready, and I'll jump over that 'ere hat before I go home—I'm be blowed out bigger if I don't. Now squat, Brom—squat down, and see if I go fair. Warn'ee wunst—"

"You're crazy!" answered Brom, losing all patience, "you're a downright noncompusser. I haven't seen a queerer fellow since the times of 'Zacchy in the meal-bag;' and if you go on as you have lately, it's my opinion that your relations shouldn't let you run at large."

"That's what I complain of—I can't run any other way than at large; but if you'll let me alone, I'll try to jump myself smaller. So clear out, skinny, and let me practyse. Warn'ee wunst!—"

"You'd better come home, and make no bones about it."

"Bones! I ain't got any. I'm a boned turkey. If you do make me go home, you can't say you boned me. I've seen the article, but I never had any bones myself."

This was, to all appearance, true enough, but his persecutor did not take the joke. Berry is, in a certain sense, good stock. He would yield a fat dividend; but, though so well incorporated, no "bone-us" for the privilege is forthcoming.

"Yes, you're fat enough, and I'm sorry to say, you're queer enough too; queer is hardly a name for you. You must be taken care of, and go home at once, or I'll call assistance."

'Well, if I must, I must—that's all. But if I get the popperplexy, and don't get Miss Scraggs, it's all your fault. You won't let me dance in my chamber—you won't let me jump over my hat—you won't let me do nothing. I can't get behind the counter to tend the customers, without most backing the side of the house out; but what do you care?—and now you want me to get fatter by going to sleep. By drat! I wouldn't wonder if I was to be ten pounds heavier in the morning. If I am, in the first place, I'll charge you for widening me and spoiling my clothes; and then—for if I get fatter, Miss Scraggs won't have me a good deal more than she won't now, and my hopes and affeckshins will be blighteder than they are at this present sitting—why, then, I'll sue you for breach of promise of marriage."

"Come along. There's too many strange people running about already. It's time you were thinned off."

"That's jist exactly what I want; I wish you could thin me off," sobbed Berry, as he obeyed the order; but he was no happier in the morning. Miss Seraphina Scraggs continues obdurate, for her worst fears are realized. He still grows fatter, though practising "warn'ee wunst" at all convenient opportunities.

GARDEN THEATRICALS.

MAN is an imitative animal, and consequently, the distinguished success which has fallen to the lot of a few of our countrymen in the theatrical profession, has had a great effect in creating longings for histrionic honours. Of late years, *debuts* have been innumerable, and it would be a more difficult task than that prescribed by Orozimbo—"to count the leaves of yonder forest"—if any curious investigator, arguing from known to unknown quantities, were to undertake the computation of the number of Roscii who have not as yet been able to effect their *coup d'essai*. In this quiet city—many as she has already given to the boards—multitudes are yet to be found, burning with ardour to "walk the plank," who, in their prospective dreams, nightly hear the timbers vocal with their mighty tread, and snuff the breath of immortality in the imaginary dust which answers to the shock. The recesses of the town could furnish forth hosts of youths who never thrust the left hand into a Sunday boot, preparatory to giving it the last polish, without jerking up the leg thereof with a Kean-like scowl, and sighing to think that it is not the well buffed gauntlet of crook'd Richard—lads, who never don their night gear for repose, without striding thus attired across their narrow dormitory, and for the nonce, believing themselves accoutred to "go on" for Rolla, or

the Pythagorean of Syracuse—two gentlemen who promenade in "cutty sarks," and are as indifferent about rheumatism as a Cupid horsed upon a cloud.

But in the times of which we speak, stage-struck heroes were rare. The theatrical mania was by no means prevalent. It went and came like the influenza, sometimes carrying off its victims; but they were not multitudinous. Our actors were chiefly importations. The day of native talent was yet in the gray of its morning—a few streakings or so, among the Tressels and Tyrells, but nothing tip-topping it in the zenith. There are, however, few generalities without an exception, and in those days, Theodosius Spoon had the honour to prove the rule by being an instance to the contrary.

Theodosius Spoon—called by the waggish *Tea-spoon*, and supposed by his admirers to be born for a stirring fellow—one who would whirl round until he secured for himself a large share of the sugar of existence—Theodosius Spoon was named after a Roman emperor—not by traditional nomenclature, which modifies the effect of the thing, but directly, "out of a history book" abridged by Goldsmith. It having been ascertained, in the first place, that the aforesaid potentate, with the exception of having massacred a few thousand innocent people one day, was a tolerably decent fellow for a Roman emperor, he was therefore complimented by having his name bestowed upon a Spoon. It must not, however, be thought that the sponsors were so sanguine as to entertain a hope that their youthful charge would ever reach the purple. Their aspirations did not extend so far; but being moderate in their expectations, they acted on the sound and well established principle that, as fine feathers make fine birds, fine names, to a certain extent, must

have an analogous effect—that our genius should be educed, as it were, by the appellation bestowed upon us; and that we should be so sagaciously designated that to whatever height fortune leads, fame, in speaking of us, may have a comfortable mouthful, and we have no cause under any circumstances to blush for our name. Mr. and Mrs. Spoon—wise people in their way—reasoned in the manner referred to. They were satisfied that a sonorous handle to one's patronymic acts like a balloon to its owner, and that an emaciated, every-day, threadbare cognomen—a Tom, Dick, and Harry denomination—is a mere dipsey, and must keep a man at the bottom. Coming to the application of the theory, they were satisfied that the homely though useful qualities of the spoon would be swallowed up in the superior attributes of Theodosius. That this worthy pair were right in the abstract is a self-evident proposition. Who, for instance, can meet with a Napoleon Bonaparte Mugg, without feeling that when the said Mugg is emptied of its spirit, a soul will have exhaled, which, had the gate of circumstance opened the way, would have played foot-ball with monarchs, and have wiped its brogues upon empires? An Archimedes Pipps is clearly born to be a "screw," and to operate extensively with "burning glasses," if not upon the fleets of a Marcellus, at least upon his own body corporate. While Franklin Fipps, if in the mercantile line, is pretty sure to be a great flier of kites, and a speculator in vapours, and such like fancy stocks. If the Slinkums call their boy Cæsar, it follows as a natural consequence that the puggish disposition of the family nose will, in his case, gracefully curve into the aquiline, and that the family propensity for the Fabian method of getting out of a scrape, will be Cæsarised into a valour, which at its very aspect would set "all Gaul".

into a quake. Who can keep little Diogenes Doubikens out of a tub, or prevent him from scrambling into a hogshead, especially if sugar is to be gathered in the interior? Even Chesterfield Gruff is half disposed to be civil, if he thinks he can gain by so unnatural a course of proceeding; and everybody is aware that Crichton Dunderpate could do almost any thing, if he knew how, and if, by a singular fatality, all his fingers were not thumbs.

Concurrent testimony goes to prove that the son of a great man is of necessity likewise great—the children of a *blanchisseuse*, or of a house-scrubber, have invariably clean hands and faces; schoolmasters are very careful to imbue their offspring with learning; and, if we are not mistaken, it has passed into a proverb that the male progeny of a clergyman, in general, labour hard for the proud distinction of being called "hopeful youths and promising youngsters." The corollary, therefore, flows from this, as smoothly as water from a hydrant, that he who borrows an illustrious name is in all probability charged to the brim, *ipso facto*, with the qualities whereby the real owner was enabled to render it illustrious—qualities, which only require opportunity and the true position to blaze up in spontaneous combustion, a beacon to the world. And thus Theodosius Spoon, in his course through life, could scarcely be otherwise than, if not an antique Roman, at least an "antic rum 'un;" his sphere of action might be circumscribed, but he could not do otherwise than make a figure.

Our Spoon—his parents being satisfied with giving him an euphonious name—was early dipped into the broad bowl of the world to spoon for himself. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker to learn the art and mystery of stretching "uppers" and of shaping "unders." But,

for this employment, as it was merely useful and somewhat laborious, he had no particular fancy. Whether it was owing to the influence of his name or not, we cannot pretend to say, but, like Jaffier and many other worthy individuals, he was much troubled with those serious inconveniences termed "elegant desires." Young as he was, his talent for eating was aldermanic; aristocracy itself might have envied his somnolent performances in the morning; while, if fun or mischief were afoot, no watch dog could better encounter prolonged vigils, and no outlying cat could more silently and skilfully crawl in at a back window than he, when returning from his nocturnal perambulations. His genius for lounging, likewise, when he should have been at work, was as remarkable as his time-consuming power when sent on an errand. He could seem to do more, and yet perform less, than any lad of his inches in the town; and, being ordered out on business, it was marvellous to see the swiftness with which he left the shop, and the rapidity of his immediate return to it, contrasted with the great amount of time consumed in the interval. With these accomplishments, it is not surprising that Theodosius Spoon was discontented with his situation. He yearned to be an embellishment—not a plodding letter, valuable only in combination, but an ornamental flourish, beautiful and graceful in itself; and, with that self-reliance peculiar to genius, he thought that the drama opened a short cut to the summit of his desires. Many a time, as he leaned his elbow on the lapstone, and reposed his chin upon his palm, did his work roll idly to the floor, while he gazed with envious eyes through the window at the playbills which graced the opposite corner, and hoped that the time would come when the first night of Theodosius Spoon would be thereupon announced in

letters as large as if he were a histrionic ladle. Visions of glory—of crowded houses—of thundering plaudits—of full pockets—of pleasant nights, and of day lounges up and down Chestnut street, the wonder of little boys and the focus of all eyes,—floated vividly across his imagination. How could he, who bore the name of a Roman emperor, dream of being elsewhere that at the topmost round of fortune's ladder, when he had seen others there, who, subjected to mental comparison, were mere rush-lights compared to himself?

Filled with these gorgeous imaginings, our Spoon became metamorphosed into a spout, pouring forth streams of elocution by night and by day, and, though continually corking his frontispiece to try the expression in scenes of wrath, it soon became evident that his powers could not remain bottled in a private station. When a histrionic inclination ferments so noisily that its fizzling disturbs the neighbourhood, it requires little knowledge of chemistry to decide that it must have vent, or an explosion will be the consequence; and such was the case in the instance of which we speak. The oratorical powers of Theodosius Spoon were truly terrible, and had become, during the occasional absence of the "boss," familiar to every one within a square.

An opportunity soon afforded itself.—Those Philadelphians, who were neither too old nor too young, when Theodosius Spoon flourished, to take part in the amusements of the town, do not require to be told that for the delectation of their summer evenings, the city then rejoiced in a Garden Theatre, which was distinguished from the winter houses by the soft Italian appellation of the Tivoli. It was located in Market near Broad street, in those days a species of *rus in urbe*, improvement not having taken its westward movement; and before its

brilliancy was for ever extinguished, the establishment passed through a variety of fortunes, furnishing to the public entertainment as various, and giving to the stage many a "regular" whose first essay was made upon its boards.

At this period, so interesting to all who study the history of the drama, lived one Typus Tympan, a printer's devil, who "cronied" with Spoon, and had been the first to give the "reaching of his soul" an inclination stageward. Typus worked in a newspaper office, where likewise the bills of the Garden Theatre were printed, and, *par consequence*, Typus was a critic, with the *entrée* of the establishment, and an occasional order for a friend. It was thus that Spoon's genius received the Promethean spark, and started into life. By the patronising attentions of Typus, he was no longer compelled to gaze from afar at the members of the company as they clustered after rehearsal, of a sunny day, in front of the theatre, and varied their smookings by transitions from the "long nine" to the real Habana, according to the condition of the treasury, or the state of the credit system. Our hero now nodded familiarly to them all, and by dint of soleing, heel-tapping, and other small jobs in the leather way, executed during the periods of "overwork" for Mr. Julius Augustus Winkins, was admitted to the personal friendship of that illustrious individual. Some idea of the honour thus conferred may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Winkins himself constituted the entire male department of the operatic corps of the house. He grumbled the bass, he warbled the tenor, and, when necessary, could squeak the "counter" in beautiful perfection. All that troubled this magazine of vocalism was that, although he could manage a duet easily enough, soliloquizing a chorus was rather beyond his capacity, and

he was, therefore, often compelled to rely upon the audience at the Garden, who, to their credit be it spoken, scarcely needed a hint upon such occasions. On opera nights, they generally volunteered their services to fill out the harmony, and were so abundantly obliging, that it was difficult to teach them where to stop. In his private capacity—when he was *ex officio* Winkins—he did the melancholico-Byronic style of man—picturesque, but "suffering in his innards,"—to the great delight of all the young ladies who dwelt in the vicinity of the Garden. When he walked forth, it was with his slender frame inserted in a suit of black rather the worse for wear, but still retaining a touching expression, softened, but not weakened, by the course of time. He wore his shirt collars turned down over a kerchief in the "fountain tie," about which there is a Tyburn pathos, irresistible to a tender heart; and with his well oiled and raven locks puffed out *en masse* on the left side of his head, he declined his beaver over his dexter eye until its brim kissed the corresponding ear. A profusion of gilt chain travelled over his waistcoat, and a multitude of rings of a dubious aspect encumbered his fingers. In this interesting costume did Julius Augustus Winkins, in his leisure moments, play the abstracted, as he leaned gracefully against the pump, while obliquely watching the effect upon the cigar-making demoiselles who operated over the way, and who regarded Julius as quite a love, decidedly the romantic thing.

Winkins was gracious to Spoon, partly on the account aforesaid, and because both Spoon and Tympan were capital *claqueurs*, and invariably secured him an encore, when he warbled "Love has eyes," and the other rational ditties in vogue at that period.

Now it happened that business was rather dull at the

Garden, and the benefit season of course commenced. The hunting up of novelties was prosecuted with great vigour; even the learned pig had starred at it for once; and as the Winkins night approached, Julius Augustus determined to avail himself of Spoon for that occasion, thinking him likely to draw, if he did not succeed, for in those days of primitive simplicity first appearances had not ceased to be attractive. The edge not being worn off, they were sure to be gratifying, either in one way or the other.

It was of a warm Sunday afternoon that this important matter was broached. Winkins, Spoon, and Tympan sat solacing themselves in a box at the Garden, puffing their cigars, sipping their liquid refreshment, and occasionally nibbling at three crackers brought in upon a large waiter, which formed the substantials of the entertainment. The discourse ran upon the drama.

"Theo, my boy!" said Winkins, putting one leg on the table, and allowing the smoke to curl about his nose, as he cast his coat more widely open, and made the accost friendly.

"Spoon, my son!" said Winkins, being the advance paternal of that social warrior, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar with a flirt of his little finger.

"Spooney, my tight 'un!"—the assault irresistible,—"how would you like to go it in uncle Billy Shakspeare, and tip the natives the last hagony in the tragics?" Winkins put his other leg on the table, assuming an attitude both of superiority and encouragement.

"Oh, gammin!" ejaculated Spoon, blushing, smiling, and putting the forefinger of his left hand into his mouth. "Oh, get out!" continued he, casting down his eyes with the modest humility of untried, yet self-satisfied genius.

"Not a bit of it—I'm as serious as an empty barn—got the genius—want the chance—my benefit—two acts of any thing—cut mugs—up to snuff—down upon 'em—fortune made—that's the go."

"It's our opinion,—we think, Theodosius," observed Typus Tympan, with editorial dignity, as he emphatically drew his cuff across the lower part of his countenance, "we think, and the way we know what's what, because of our situation, is sing'ler—standing, as we newspaper folks do, on the shot tower of society—that now's your time for gittin' astraddle of public opinion, and for ridin' it like a hoss. Jist such a chance as you've been wantin'. As the French say, all the *bew mundy* come to Winkins's benefit; and if the old man won't go a puff leaded, why we'll see to havin' it sneaked in, spread so thick about genius and all, that it will draw like a blister—we will, even if we get licked for it."

"'Twon't do," simpered Spoon, as he blushed brown, while the expression of his countenance contradicted his words. "'Twon't do. How am I to get a dress—s'pose boss ketches me at it? Besides, I'm too stumpy for tragedy, and anyhow I must wait till I'm cured of my cold."

"It will do," returned Winkins, decisively; "and tragedy's just the thing. There are, sir, varieties in tragedy—by the new school, it's partitioned off in two grand divisions. High tragedy of the most helevated description," (Winkins always *haspirated* when desirous of being emphatic,) "high tragedy of the most helevated and hexalted kind should be represented by a gentleman short of statue, and low comedy should be sustained by a gentleman tall of statue. In the one case, the higher the part, the lowerer the hactor, and in the other case, *wisey wersy*. It makes light and shade between the

sentiment and the performer, and jogs the attention by the power of contrast. The hintellectual style of playing likewise requires crooked legs."

"We think, then, our friend is decidedly calkilated to walk into the public. There's a good deal of circumbendibus about Spoon's gams—he's got serpentine trotters—splendid for crooked streets, or goin' round a corner," interpolated Typus, jocularly.

"There's brilliancy about crooked legs," continued Winkins, with a reproving glance at Typus. "The monotony of straight shanks answers well enough for genteel comedy and opera; but corkscrew legs prove the mind to be too much for the body; therefore, crooked legs, round shoulders, and a shovel nose for the heccentricities of the hintellectual tragics. Audiences must have it queered into 'em; and as for a bad cold, why it's a professional blessing in that line of business, and saves a tragedian the trouble of sleeping in a wet shirt to get a sore throat. Blank verse, to be himpressive, must be frogged—it must be groaned, grunted, and gasped—bring it out like a three-pronged grinder, as if body and soul were parting. There's nothing like asthmatic elocution and spasmodic emphasis, for touching the sympathies and setting the feelings on edge. A terrier dog in a pucker is a good study for anger, and always let the spectators see that sorrow hurts you. There's another style of tragedy—the physical school—"

"That must be a dose," ejaculated Typus, who was developing into a wag.

"But you're not big enough, or strong enough for that. A physical must be able to outmuscle ten blacksmiths, and bite the head off a poker. He must commence the play hawfully, and keep piling on the hagony till the close, when he must keel up in an hexcruciating

manner, flip-flopping it about the stage as he defuncts, like a new caught sturgeon. He should be able to hagonize other people too, by taking the biggest fellow in the company by the scuff of the neck, and shaking him at arm's length till all the hair drops from his head, and then pitch him across, with a roar loud enough to break the windows. That's the menagerie method. The physical must always be on the point of bursting his boiler, yet he mustn't burst it; he must stride and jump as if he would tear his trousers, yet he mustn't tear 'em; and when he grabs anybody, he must leave the marks of his paws for a week. It's smashing work, but it won't do for you, Spooney; you're little, black-muzzled, queer in the legs, and have got a cold; nature and sleeping with the windows open have done wonders in making you fit for the hintellectuals, and you shall tip 'em the sentimental in Hamlet."

Parts of this speech were not particularly gratifying to Spoon; but, on the whole, it jumped with his desires, and the matter was clinched. Winkins trained him; taught him when and where to come the "hagony;" when and where to cut "terrific mugs" at the pit; when and where to wait for the applause, and how to *chassez* an exit, with two stamps and a spring, and a glance *en arriere.*

Not long after, the puff appeared as Typus promised. The bills of the "Garden Theatre" announced the Winkins benefit, promising, among other novelties, the third act of Hamlet, in which a young gentleman, his first appearance upon any stage, would sustain the character of the melancholy prince. Rash promise! fatal anticipation!

The evening arrived, and the Garden was crowded. All the boys of the trade in town assembled to witness

the *debut* of a brother chip, and many came because others were coming. Winkins, in a blue military frock, buttoned to the chin, white pantaloons strapped under the foot, and gesticulating with a shining black hat with white lining, borrowed expressly for the occasion, had repeated "My love is like the red, red rose" with immense applause, when the curtain rang up, and the third act began.

The tedious prattle of those who preceded him being over, Theodosius Spoon appeared. Solemnly, yet with parched lips and a beating heart, did he advance to the footlights, and duck his acknowledgments for the applause which greeted him. His *abord*, however, did not impress his audience favourably. The black attire but ill became his short squab figure, and the "hintellectual tragicality of his legs," meandering their brief extent, like a Malay creese, gave him the aspect of an Ethiopian Bacchus dismounted from his barrel. Hamlet resembled the briefest kind of sweep, or "an erect black tadpole taking snuff."

With a fidelity to nature never surpassed, Hamlet expressed his dismay by scratching his head, and, with his eyes fixed upon his toes, commenced the soliloquy,—another beautiful conception,—for the prince is supposed to be speaking to himself, and his toes are as well entitled to be addressed as any other portion of his personal identity. This, however, was not appreciated by the spectators, who were unable to hear any part of the confidential communication going on between Hamlet's extremities.

"Louder, Spooney!" squeaked a juvenile voice, with a villanous twang, from a remote part of the Garden. 'Keep a ladling it out strong! Who's afeard?—it's only old Tiwoly!"

"Throw it out!" whispered Winkins, from the wing. "Go it like a pair of bellowses!"

But still the pale lips of Theodosius Spoon continued quivering nothings, as he stood gasping as if about to swallow the leader of the fiddlers, and alternately raising his hands like a piece of machinery. Ophelia advanced.

"Look out, bull-frog, there comes your mammy. Please, ma'am, make little sonny say his lesson."

Bursts of laughter, shouts, and hisses resounded through the Garden. "Whooror for Spooney!" roared his friends, as they endeavoured to create a diversion in his favour—"whooror for Spooney! and wait till the skeer is worked off uv him!"

"How vu'd you like it?" exclaimed an indignant Spooneyite to a hissing malcontent; "how vu'd you like it fur to have it druv' into you this 'ere vay? Vot kin a man do ven he ain't got no chance?"

As the hisser did but hiss the more vigorously on account of the remonstrance, and, jumping up, did it directly in the teeth of the remonstrant, the friend to Spooney knocked him down, and the *parquette* was soon in an uproar. "Leave him up!" cried one—"Order! put 'em down, and put 'em out!" The aristocracy of the boxes gazed complacently upon the grand set-to beneath them, the boys whacked away with their clubs at the lamps, and hurled the fragments upon the stage, while Ophelia and Hamlet ran away together.

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed Winkins, as he rushed upon the stage, dragging after him "the rose and the expectancy of the fair state," the shrinking Theodosius,—"will you hear me for a moment?"

"Hurray for Vinkins!" replied a brawny critic, taking his club in both hands, as he hammered against the front of the boxes; "Vinkey, sing us the Bay uv

Viskey, and make bull-frog dance a hornspike to the tune uv it. Hurray! Twig Vinkey's new hat—make a speech, Vinkey, fur your vite trousers!"

At length, comparative silence being restored, Mr. Winkins, red with wrath, yet suppressing his rage, delivered himself as follows—at times adroitly dodging the candle ends, which had been knocked from the main chandelier, and were occasionally darted at him and his *protegé*.

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me (*dodge*) respectfully to ask one question. Did you (*dodge*) come here to admire the beauties of the drama, (*successive dodges to the right and left,*) or am I to (*dodge, dodge*) to understand that you came solely to kick up a bloody row?"

The effect of this insinuating query had scarcely time to manifest itself, before *Monsieur le directeur en chef*, a choleric Frenchman, who made a profitable mixture of theatricals, ice cream, and other refreshments, suddenly appeared in the flat, foaming with natural anger at the results of the young gentleman's *debut*. Advancing rapidly as the "kick" rang upon his ear, he suited the action to the word, and, by a dexterous application of his foot, sent Winkins, in the attitude of a flying Mercury, clear of the orchestra, into the midst of the turbulent crowd in the pit. Three rounds of cheering followed this achievement, while Theodosius gazed in pallid horror at the active movement of his friend.

"Kick, aha! Is zat de kick, monsieur dam hoomboog? Messieurs et mesdames, lick him good—sump him into fee-penny beets! Sacre!" added the enraged manager, turning toward Theodosius, "I sall lick de petit hoomboog ver' good—sump him bon, nice, moi-meme—by me ownsef."

But the alarmed Theodosius, though no linguist,

understood enough of this speech not to tarry for the consequences, and climbing into the boxes, while the angry manager clambered after him, he rushed through the crowd, and in the royal robes of Denmark hurried home.

For the time, at least, he was satisfied that bearing the name of a Roman emperor did not lead to instant success on the stage, and though he rather reproached the audience with want of taste, it is not probable that he ever repeated the attempt; for he soon, in search of an "easy life," joined the patriots on the Spanish main, and was never after heard of.

PETER BRUSH,

THE GREAT USED UP.

It was November; soon after election time, when a considerable portion of the political world are apt to be despondent, and external things appear to do their utmost to keep them so. November, the season of dejection, when pride itself loses its imperious port; when ambition gives place to melancholy; when beauty hardly takes the trouble to look in the glass; and when existence doffs its rainbow hues, and wears an aspect of such dull, commonplace reality, that hope leaves the world for a temporary excursion, and those who cannot do without her inspiring presence, borrow the aid of pistols, cords, and chemicals, and send themselves on a longer journey, expecting to find her by the way:—a season, when the hair will not stay in curl; when the walls weep dewy drops, to the great detriment of paper-hangings, and of every species of colouring with which they are adorned; when the banisters distil liquids, any thing but beneficial to white gloves; when nature fills the ponds, and when window-washing is the only species of amusement at all popular among housekeepers.

It was on the worst of nights in that worst of seasons. The atmosphere was in a condition of which it is difficult to speak with respect, much as we may be disposed to applaud the doings of nature. It was damp, foggy, and

drizzling; to sum up its imperfections in a sonorous and descriptive epithet, it was "'orrid muggy weather." The air hung about the wayfarer in warm, unhealthy folds, and extracted the starch from his shirt collar and from the bosom of his dickey, with as much rapidity as it robbed his spirits of their elasticity, and melted the sugar of self-complacency from his mind. The street lamps emitted a ghastly white glare, and were so hemmed in with vapory wreaths, that their best efforts could not project a ray of light three feet from the burner. Gloom was universal, and any change, even to the heat of Africa, or to the frosts of the arctic circle, would, in comparison, have been delightful. The pigs' tails no longer waved in graceful sinuosities; while the tail of each night-roving, hectoring bull-dog ceased flaunting toward the clouds, a banner of wrath and defiance to punier creatures, and hung down drooping and dejected, an emblem of a heart little disposed to quarrel and offence. The ornamentals of the brute creation being thus below par, it was not surprising that men, with cares on their shoulders and raggedness in their trousers, should likewise be more melancholy than on occasions of a brighter character. Every one at all subject to the "skiey influences," who has had trouble enough to tear his clothes, and to teach him that the staple of this mundane existence is not exclusively made up of fun, has felt that philosophy is but a barometrical affair, and that he who is proof against sorrow when the air is clear and bracing, may be a very miserable wretch, with no greater cause, when the wind sits in another quarter.

Peter Brush is a man of this susceptible class. His nervous system is of the most delicate organization, and responds to the changes of the weather, as an Eolian harp sings to the fitful swellings of the breeze. Peter

was abroad on the night of which we speak; either because, unlike the younger Brutus, he had no Portia near to tell him that such exposure was "not physical," and that it was the part of prudence to go to bed, or that, although aware of the dangers of miasma to a man of his constitution, he did not happen at that precise moment to have access to either house or bed; in his opinion, two essential pre-requisites to couching himself, as he regarded taking it *al fresco*, on a cellar door, not likely to answer any sanitary purpose. We incline ourselves to the opinion that he was in the dilemma last mentioned, as it had previously been the fate of other great men. But be that as it may, Mr. Peter Brush was in the street, as melancholy as an unbraced drum, "a gib-ed cat, or a lugged bear."

Seated upon the curb, with his feet across the gutter, he placed his elbow on a stepping-stone, and like Juliet on the balcony, leaned his head upon his hand—a hand that would perhaps have been the better of a covering, though none would have been rash enough to volunteer to be a glove upon it. He was in a dilapidated condition—out at elbows, out at knees, out of pocket, out of office, out of spirits, and out in the street—an "out and outer" in every respect, and as *outré* a mortal as ever the eye of man did rest upon. For some time, Mr. Brush's reflections had been silent. Following Hamlet's advice, he "gave them an understanding, but no tongue;" and he relieved himself at intervals by spitting forlornly into the kennel. At length, suffering his locked hands to fall between his knees, and heaving a deep sigh, he spoke:—

"A long time ago, my ma used to put on her specs and say, 'Peter, my son, put not your trust in princes;' and from that day to this I haven't done any thing of the

kind, because none on 'em ever wanted to borry nothing of me; and I never see a prince or a king,—but one or two, and they had been rotated out of office,—to borry nothing of them. Princes! pooh!—Put not your trust in politicianers—them's my sentiments. You might jist as well try to hold an eel by the tail. I don't care which side they're on, for I've tried both, and I know. Put not your trust in politicianers, or you'll get a hyst.

"Ten years ago it came into my head that things weren't going on right; so I pretty nearly gave myself up tee-totally to the good of the republic, and left the shop to look out for itself. I was brimfull of patriotism, and so uneasy in my mind for the salivation of freedom, I couldn't work. I tried to guess which side was going to win, and I stuck to it like wax;—sometimes I was a-one side, sometimes I was a-t'other, and sometimes I straddled till the election was over, and came up jist in time to jine the hurrah. It was good I was after; and what good could I do if I wasn't on the 'lected side? But, after all, it was never a bit of use. Whenever the battle was over, no matter what side was sharing out the loaves and the fishes, and I stepped up, I'll be hanged if they didn't cram all they could into their own mouths, put their arms over some, and grab at all the rest with their paws, and say, 'Go away, white man, you ain't capable.'—Capable! what's the reason I ain't capable? I've got as extensive a throat as any of 'em, and I could swallow the loaves and fishes without choking, if each loaf was as big as a grindstone and each fish as big as a sturgeon. Give Peter a chance, and leave him alone for that. Then, another time when I called—'I want some spoils,' says I; 'a small bucket full of spoils. Whichever side gets in, shares the spoils, don't they?' So they first grinned, and then they ups and tells me that

virtue like mine was its own reward, and that spoils might spoil me. But it was *no* spoils that spoilt me, and *no* loaf and fish that starved me—I'm spoilt because I couldn't get either. Put not your trust in politicianers —I say it agin. Both sides used me jist alike. Here I've been serving my country, more or less, these ten years, like a patriot—going to town meetings, hurraing my daylights out, and getting as blue as blazes—blocking the windows, getting licked fifty times, and having more black eyes and bloody noses than you could shake a stick at, all for the common good, and for the purity of our illegal rights—and all for what? Why, for nix. If any good has come of it, the country has put it into her own pocket, and swindled me out of my arnings. I can't get no office! Republics is ungrateful! It wasn't reward I was after. I scorns the base insinivation. I only wanted to be took care of, and have nothing to do but to take care of the public, and I've only got half—nothing to do! Being took care of was the main thing. Republics *is* ungrateful; I'm swaggered if they ain't. This is the way old sojers is served."

Peter, having thus unpacked his o'erfraught heart, heaved a sigh or two, as every one does after a recapitulation of their own injuries, and remained for a few minutes wrapped in abstraction.

"Well, well," said he, mournfully, swaying his head to and fro after the sagacious fashion of Lord Burleigh—"live and learn—live and learn—the world's not what a man takes it for before he finds it out. Whiskers grow a good deal sooner than experience—genus and patriotism ain't got no chance—heigh-ho!—But anyhow, a man might as well be under kiver as out in the open air in sich weather as this. It's as cheap laying down as it is settin' up, and there's not so much wear and tear about it."

With a groan, a yawn, and a sigh, Peter Brush slowly arose, and stretching himself like a drowsy lion, he walked toward the steps of a neighbouring house. Having reached the top of the flight, he turned about and looked round with a scrutinizing glance, peering both up and down the street, to ascertain that none of the hereditary enemies of the Brushes were in the vicinity. Being satisfied on that score, he prepared to enjoy all the comfort that his peculiar situation could command. According to the modern system of warfare, he carried no baggage to encumber his motions, and was always ready to bivouac without troublesome preliminaries. He therefore placed himself on the upper step, so that he was just within the doorway, his head reclining against one side of it, and his feet braced against the other, blockading the passage in a very effectual manner. He adjusted himself in position as carefully as the Sybarite who was annoyed at the wrinkle of a rose-leaf on his couch, grunting at each motion like a Daniel Lambert at his toilet, and he made minute alterations in his attitude several times before he appeared perfectly satisfied that he had effected the best arrangements that could be devised. After reposing for a while as if "the flinty and steel couch of war were his thrice-driven bed of down," he moved his head with an exclamation of impatience at the hardness of the wall, and taking his time-worn beaver, he crumpled it up, and mollified the austerity of his bolster by using the crushed hat as a pillow.

"That will do," ejaculated Brush, clasping his hands before him, and twirling his thumbs; and he then closed his eyes for the purpose of reflecting upon his condition with a more perfect concentration of thought than can be obtained when outward objects distract the mind. But thinking in this way is always a hazardous experiment,

whether it be after dinner, or in the evening; and Peter Brush soon unwittingly fell into a troubled, murmuring sleep, in which his words were mere repetitions of what he had said before, the general scope of the argument being to prove the received axiom of former times, that republics do not distribute their favours in proportion to services rendered, and that, in the speaker's opinion, they are not, in this respect, much better than the princes against whom his mother cautioned him. Such, at least, was the conviction of Mr. Brush; at which he had arrived, not by theory and distant observation, but by his own personal experience.

It is a long lane which has no turning, and it is a long sleep in the open air, especially in a city, which does not meet with interruption. Brush found it so in this instance, as he had indeed more than once before. Several gentlemen, followed by a dog, arrived at the foot of the steps, and, after a short conversation, dispersed each to his several home. One, however, remained—the owner of the dog—who, whistling for his canine favourite, took out his night-key, and walked up the steps. The dog, bounding before his master, suddenly stopped, and after attentively regarding the recumbent Brush, uttered a sharp rapid bark.

The rapidity of mental operations is such that it frequently happens, if sleep be disturbed by external sounds, that the noise is instantly caught up by the ear, and incorporated with the subject of the dream—or perhaps a dream is instantaneously formed upon the nucleus suggested by the vibration of the tympanum. The bark of the dog had one of these effects upon Mr. Brush.

"Bow! wow! waugh!" said the dog.

"There's a fellow making a speech against our side," muttered Peter; "but it's all talk—where's your facts?—

print your speech in pamphlet form, and I'll answer it. Hurray for us!—everybody else is rascals—nothing but ruination when that fellow's principles get the upper hand—our side for ever—we're the boys!"

"Be still, Ponto!" said the gentleman. "Now, sir, be pleased to get up, and carry yourself to some other place. I don't know which side has the honour of claiming you, but you are certainly on the wrong side at present."

"Don't be official and trouble yourself about other people's business," said Brush, trying to open his eyes; "don't be official, for it isn't the genteel thing."

"Not official! what do you mean by that? I shall be very official, and trundle you down the steps if you are not a little more rapid in your motions."

"Oh, very well," responded Brush, as he wheeled round in a sitting posture, and fronted the stranger—"very well—be as sassy as you please—I suppose you've got an office, by the way you talk—you've got one of the fishes, though perhaps it is but a minny, and I ain't—but if I had, I'd show you a thing or two. Be sassy, be any thing, Mr. Noodle-soup. I don't know which side you're on either, but I do know one thing—it isn't saying much for your boss politicianer that he chose you when I must have been on his list for promotion—that's all, though you are so stiff, and think yourself pretty to look at. But them that's pretty to look at ain't always good 'uns to go, or you wouldn't be poking here. Be off—there's no more business before this meeting, and you may adjourn. It's moved, seconded, and carried—pay the landlord for the use of the room as you go."

The stranger, now becoming somewhat amused, felt a disposition to entertain himself a little with Peter.

"How does it happen," said he, "that such a public

spirited individual as you appear to be should find himself in this condition? You've had a little too much of the *stimulantibus*, I fear."

"I don't know Greek, but I guess what you mean," was the answer. "It's owing to the weather—part to the weather, and part because republics is ungrateful; that's considerable the biggest part. Either part is excuse enough, and both together makes it a credit. When it's such weather as this, it takes the electerizing fluid out of you; and if you want to feel something like—do you know what 'something like' is?—it's cat-bird, jam up—if you want to feel so, you must pour a little of the electerizing fluid into you. In this kind of weather you must tune yourself up, and get rosumed, or you ain't good for much—tuned up to concert pitch. But all that's a trifle—put not your trust in politicianers."

"And why not, Mr. Rosum?"

"Why not! Help us up—there—steady she goes—hold on! Why not?—look at me, and you'll see the why as large as life. I'm the why you musn't put your trust in politicianers. I'm a rig'lar patriot—look at my coat—I'm all for the public good—twig the holes in my trousers. I'm steady in my course, and I'm upright in my conduct—don't let me fall down—I've tried all parties, year in and year out, just by way of making myself popular and agreeable; and I've tried to be on both sides at once," roared Brush, with great emphasis, as he slipped and fell—"and this is the end of it!"

His auditor laughed heartily at this striking illustration of the results of the political course of Peter Brush, and seemed quite gratified with so strong a proof of the danger of endeavouring to be on two sides at once. He therefore assisted the fallen to rise.

"Are you hurt?"

"No—I'm used to being knocked about—the steps and the pavement are no worse than other people—they're like politicianers—you can't put any trust in 'em. But," continued Brush, drawing a roll of crumpled paper from the crown of his still more crumpled hat—"see here now—you're a clever fellow, and I'll get you to sign my recommendation. Here's a splendid character for me all ready wrote down, so it won't give you any trouble, only to put your name to it."

"But what office does it recommend you for—what kind of recommendation is it?"

"It's a circular recommend—a slap at any thing that's going."

"Firing into the flock, I suppose?"

"That's it exactly—good character—fit for any fat post either under the city government, the state government, or the gineral government. Now jist put your fist to it," added Peter, in his most persuasive tones, as he smoothed the paper over his knee, spread it upon the step, and produced a bit of lead pencil, which he first moistened with his lips, and then offered to his interlocutor.

"Excuse me," was the laughing response; "it's too dark—I can't see either to read or to write. But what made you a politicianer? Haven't you got a trade?"

"Trade! yes," replied Brush, contemptuously; "but what's a trade, when a feller's got a soul? I love my country, and I want an office—I don't care what, so it's fat and easy. I've a genus for governing—for telling people what to do, and looking at 'em do it. I want to take care of my country, and I want my country to take care of me. Head work is the trade I'm made for—talking—that's my line—talking in the streets, talking in the bar-rooms, talking in the oyster cellars. Talking is the

grease for the wagon wheels of the body politic and the body corpulent, and nothing will go on well till I've got my say in the matter; for I can talk all day, and most of the night, only stopping to wet my whistle. But parties is all alike—all ungrateful; no respect for genus—no respect for me. I've tried both sides, got nothing, and I've a great mind to knock off and call it half a day. I would, if my genus didn't make me talk, and think, and sleep so much I can't find time to work."

"Well," said the stranger, "you must find time to go away. You're too noisy. How would you like to go before the mayor?"

"No, I'd rather not. Stop—now I think of it, I've asked him before; but perhaps if you'd speak a good word, he'd give me the first vacancy. Introduce me properly, and say I want something to do shocking—no, not something to do—I want something to get; my genus won't let me work. I'd like to have a fat salary, and to be general superintendent of things in general and nothing in particular, so I could walk about the streets, and see what is going on. Now, put my best leg foremost—say how I can make speeches, and how I can hurray at elections."

"Away with you," said the stranger, as he ran up the steps, and opened the door. "Make no noise in this neighbourhood, or you'll be taken care of soon enough."

"Well, now, if that isn't ungrateful," soliloquized Brush,—"keep me here talking, and then slap the door right in my face. That's the way politicianers serve me, and it's about all I'd a right to expect. Oh, pshaw!—sich a world—sich a people!"

Peter rolled up his "circular recommend," put it in his hat, and slowly sauntered away. As he is not yet

provided for, he should receive the earliest attention of parties, or disappointment may induce him to abandon both, take the field "upon his own hook," and constitute an independent faction under the name of the "Brush party," the cardinal principle of which will be that peculiarly novel impulse to action, hostility to all "politicianers" who are not on the same side.

MUSIC MAD;

OR, THE MELOMANIAC.

To be thin-skinned may add to the brilliancy and to the beauty of the complexion; but, as this world goes, it is more of a disadvantage than a blessing. Where there is so much scraping and shaving, the cuticle of a rhinoceros is decidedly the most comfortable wear; and to possess any of the senses beyond a certain degree of acuteness may be regarded as a serious misfortune. It opens the door to an infinite variety of annoyances. There are individuals with noses as keen as that of a beagle; but whether they derive more of pleasure or of pain from the faculty, is a question easily answered when the multiplicity of odors is called to mind. To be what the Scotch term "nose-wise," sometimes, it is true, answers a useful purpose, in preventing people in the dark from drinking out of the wrong bottle, and from administering the wrong physic; it has also done good service in enabling its possessor to discover an incipient fire; but such occasions for the advantageous employment of the proboscis are not of every-day occurrence, and, on the general average, its exquisite organization is an almost unmitigated nuisance to him who is obliged to follow from his cradle to his grave, a nose so delicately constituted, so inconveniently hypercritical, so frequently discontented, and so intolerably fastidious.

They, likewise, who are gifted with that which is technically termed a "fine ear," have sufferings peculiar to themselves, and, like the king of Denmark, receive their poison through the porches of the auricle. They are the victims of sound. It is conceded that from good music they derive pleasures of which the rest of the world can form but a faint conception; but, notwithstanding the rage for its cultivation, really good music is not quite so plentiful as might be supposed, and the pain inflicted on the "family of fine ear" by the inferior article is not to be expressed in words. A discord passes through them as freezingly as if it were a bolt of ice; a flat note knocks them down like a mace; and, if the vocalist flies into the opposite extreme, and indulges in being a "little sharp," all the acids of the shop could not give the unhappy critic a more vinegar aspect, or more effectually set his teeth on edge. To him a noise is not simply a noise in the concrete; the discriminating powers of his tympanum will not suffer him, as it were, to lump it as an infernal clatter. Like a skilful torturer, he analyzes the annoyance; he augments the pain by ascertaining exactly why the cause is unpleasant, and by observing the relative discordance of the components, which, when united, almost drive him mad. The drum and the fife, for instance, do very well for the world at large; but "the man with the ear" is too often agonized at perceiving how seldom it is that the drumstick twirler braces his sheepskin to the proper pitch, and he cannot be otherwise than excruciated at the piteous squeaking of its imperfect adjunct—that "false one" which is truly a warlike instrument, being studiously and successfully constructed for offence, if not for defence.

Now it so happens that Matthew Minim is a man

with an ear, his tympanum being a piece of most elaborate workmanship. He could sing before he could talk, and his early musical experiments were innumerable. The first use he made of his teeth was to bite his nurse for singing one strain of "hush-a-by-baby," in three keys; and he could scarcely be prevailed upon to look at his pa, because that respectable individual, with a perversity peculiar to the incompetent, was always subjecting poor "Hail Columbia" to the Procrustean bed of his musical capabilities, and, while whistling to show his own light-heartedness, did any thing but communicate corresponding pleasure to his auditors.

"Screw it up, poppy," would little Minim exclaim, with the expression of one upon the rack; "screw it up, and keep it there. What's the use of chasing a tune all about?"

But in some mouths a tune will run all about of itself, let their lips be puckered ever so tightly, and there is no composition of a popular nature which is so often heard performing that erratic feat as the one familiarly termed "Hail Curlumby." Matthew's "poppy," therefore, remained a tune-chaser, while Matthew himself went on steadily in the work of cultivating his ear, and of enlarging his musical knowledge. He, of course, commenced his studies with the flute, which may be regarded among men and boys as the first letter of the alphabet in musical education. He then amused himself with the fiddle—tried the French horn for a season, varying the matter by a few lessons upon the clarionet and hautboy, and finally improving his powers of endurance by a little practising of the Kent bugle. He at length became a perfect melomaniac, and was always in danger of being indicted as a nuisance by his less scientific neighbours, whose ears were doomed to suffer both by night and by

day. The twangling of stringed instruments was the only relief they could obtain from the blasts of those more noisy pieces of mechanism which receive voice from the lips, and it has even been supposed that Matthew Minim ranged his bugles, trumpets, and fiddles by the side of his bed, that he might practise between sleeps.

Not long since, Matthew Minim was returning from a musical party late at night, and his friend Jenkinson Jinks, who is likewise a votary of the divine art, was with him. Minim carried his flute in a box under his arm, and Jinks bore his fiddle in a bag on his shoulder.

"Nature," observed Minim, "is the most perfect of musicians; she never violates the rules of composition, and though her performers are often noisy, yet, so long as they attempt no more than is jotted down for them, they are always in time and in tune. In fact, the world is one great oratorio. Hark!—listen! throw aside vulgar prejudices, and hear how chromatic and tender are the voices of those cats in the kennel!—consider it as the balcony scene from *Romeo e Giulietta*—how perfectly beautiful that slide! how exact the concord between the rotund bass notes of Thomas Cat, and the dulcet intonations of the feminine pussy, and how sparkling the effect produced by the contrast in the alternate passages! They are the Fornasari and the Pedrotti of this moonlit scene. Bellini himself, with all his flood of tenderness, never produced any thing more characteristic, appropriate, and touching; nor could the most accomplished *artistes* give the idea of the composer with more fidelity."

"Yes, ma'am," said Jenkinson Jinks, who was not altogether capable of entering into the spirit of the refined abstractions in which, after supper, his companion was prone to indulge.

"Ph-i-t!—ph-i-z!" exclaimed the cats, as they scampered away in alarm at the approach of the musicians.

"*Staccato* and expressive in execution," said Jinks; "but certainly not *tay-cat-o* in effect."

"Admirable!" remarked Minim—"Phit and phiz are the exact phrase to express in short metre that it is time to be off like a shot, and the notes in which they were uttered are those best calculated to convey the sense of the passage."

"A very rapid passage it was too," added Jinks; "quite a *roulade*—the performers are running divisions up and down old Boodle's fence—a passage from the oratorio of 'Mosey' perhaps."

"I bar punning," ejaculated Minim, impatiently; "and to elucidate my theory upon the subject of natural music, and to prove—"

"*Cat*egorically?" inquired Jinks.

"Hush! To prove that the composer can have no better study for the true expression of the passions and emotions than is to be found in observing the animal creation, I shall now proceed to kick this dog, which lies asleep upon the pavement, and, without his being at all aware of what I want, I shall extract from him a heartrending passage in the minor key, expressive of great dolor, and of a sad combination of mental and physical discomfort."

"Stop!" hurriedly exclaimed Jinks, ensconcing himself behind a tree; "before you give that *dog*matical illustration, allow me to inform you that the dog before you is old Boodle's Towser—he bites like fury."

"Bite!" replied Minim, contemptuously; "and what's a bite in the cause of science, and in the exemplification of the minor key?"

Minim accordingly gave the dog a gentle push with his foot.

"Ya-a-a-ah!" angrily and threateningly remonstrated Towser, without moving.

"There—I told you so!" roared Jinks—"that's not in the minor key—it's as military a major as ever I heard in my life: when I listen to it, I can almost see you in the shape of a cocked hat."

"Well, then, poke him with your fiddle," said Minim, drawing back, and eying the dog rather suspiciously. "Come away from the tree, and give Mr. Boodle's Towser a jolly good punch."

"Not I," replied Jinks; "I've no notion of letting my Cremona be chawed up *agitato* by an angry Towser—poke him with your flute."

"No—stop—I'll get at him as it were slantindicularly—round a corner," said Minim, retiring so that he was partially protected by the flight of steps, from which position he extended his leg, and dealt to Mr. Boodle's Towser a most prodigious kick.

"Y-a-h! y-o-a-h!—b-o-o!" snarled the dog indignantly, as he dashed round the corner to revenge the insult, which was so direct and pointed that no animal of spirit could possibly pass it over unnoticed.

Mr. Matthew Minim turned to fly, but he was not quick enough, and the dog entered a detainer by seizing him by the pantaloons.

"Get out!" shrieked Minim. "Take him off, Jinks, or he'll eat me without salt!"

"Splendid illustration of natural music!" shouted Jinks, clapping his hands in ecstasy; "*Con furore! Da capo*, Towser!—*Volti subito*, Minim!—Music expressive of tearing your breeches. I never saw a situation

at once so picturesque, dramatic, and operatic. Why don't you sing

'Oh, I cannot give expression
To this dog's deep felt impression?'

for I'm sure, while he bites and you squeal, that he's proving to your satisfaction how well nature understands counterpoint. Bravo, Towser! — that's a magnificent shake; but he won't let you favour us with a run,—will he, Matthew?"

Towser held on determinedly, shaking his head and growling fiercely, with his mouth full of pantaloons, which, however, being very strong, did not give way and suffer the distressed captive to escape.

"Hit him with a stick—get a big stone!" panted Minim—"quit cracking jokes, for when the cloth goes the horrid beast will take hold again—perhaps of my flesh, and bite a piece right out!"

"Very likely—it's better eating than woollens; but go on with your duet—don't mind me," added Jinks quietly, as he looked about for a missile. Having found one sufficiently heavy for his purpose, he took deliberate aim, and threw it with such force that the angry animal was almost demolished. On finding himself so violently assailed, the dog relaxed his jaws and scampered down the street, making the neighbourhood vocal with his cries.

"There, I told you," said Minim, settling his disordered dress, and hoping, by taking the lead in conversation, to avoid any hard-hearted reference to his misfortune—"I told you he would sing out in the minor key, if he was hurt. Hear that now—the dog is really heartrending."

"Yes," replied Jinks, "he's quite a tearer of a dog—now heartrending, and from the looks of your clothes, he was a little while ago really breeches-rending. But pick up your flute—the lecture upon natural music is over for this evening."

"Um!" growled Minim, discontentedly, as he took up his hat and flute-box, and walked *dog*gedly forward.

* * * * * *

Not a word was said while they walked several squares. Peter was musing upon the cost of new pantaloons, and Jinks chuckled to himself as he thought how capitally the story about "natural music" would tell at a small party.

A protracted silence, however, if men are not alone or are not positively occupied, becomes wearisome and annoying, and brings the nerves into unpleasant action. Taciturnity, though commended, is after all but a monkish virtue. Nature designed the human race to talk when they are together—to be brightened and enlivened by an interchange of sentiment; and while gratifying themselves by exhibiting their old ideas, to be enriched by the reception of new thoughts and fresh impressions. So strong is the impulse, that there are many minds which, under these circumstances, cannot continue a chain of thought, and grow restless and impatient, in the belief that the neighbour mind gives out nothing because it waits for the lead, and is troubled for the want of it. The silence therefore continues, the same idea prevailing on both sides, and disabling each from tossing a subject into the air, to elicit that volley of ideas or of words, as the case may be, which constitutes conversation. The exemplification is to be met with every day, and never more frequently than in formal calls, when the parties are not so well acquainted as to be able to find a common topic on an emergency. He was not so much of a simpleton as people think him, who said a foolish thing during the excruciating period of an awkward pause, merely for the purpose of "making talk." Every one is familiar with plenty of instances, in which a Wamba

"to make talk" would have been regarded as a blessing, saving those present from the torture of cudgelling torpid brains in vain, and from the annoyance of knowing that each uncomfortable looking individual of the company, though likewise cudgelling, regarded every other person as remarkably stupid and unsocial.

From feelings analogous to those just mentioned, was it that Jenkinson Jinks felt it incumbent upon him to hazard an observation. He looked about for a cloud, but there was none to be seen. He glanced at the stars, but they were neither very bright nor very dim.

"Magnificent houses," said Jinks, at last, by way of starting a leading fact, which was at once undeniable and calculated to elicit a kindly response. The conscience of Jinks rather reproached him with having laughed too heartily at Minim's recent misadventure, and he therefore selected a topic the least likely to afford opportunity for a petulant reply, or to open the way to altercation. Minim received the olive branch.

"Yes, but there's a grand mistake about this luxurious edifice for instance," replied Minim; halting, and leaning against a pump in front of a house which was adorned with both a bell and a knocker, "the builder has regarded the harmony of proportion, and all that—he has made the proper distances between the windows and doors,—the countenance, expression, and figure of the house has been attended to; but I'm ready to bet, without trying, that no one has thought of its voice—no one has had the refined judgment to harmonize the bell and the knocker, and, luckily for our nerves, knockers are going out and have left the field to the bells. But, where they remain, there's nothing but discord in the vocal department; and if the servants have ears,—and why should they not?—it must almost drive them dis-

tracted. Yes, yes—very pretty—fine steps, fine house, bright knocker, glittering bell handle, and plenty of discord. It's as sure as that the bell and knocker are there in juxtaposition. To be morally certain, I'll try."

Up strode Matthew Minim to the top of the steps.

"Now, Jinks—out with your fiddle—it's up to concert pitch—sound your A."

Jinks laughingly did as he was ordered, and after a preliminary flourish, sounded orchestra fashion, "Twa-a-a—twawdle, tweedle, twawdle—twa-a-a!"

"Taw-lol-tol-tee—tee-lol-tol-taw!" sang Minim, travelling up and down the octave, to be sure of the pitch. "Now, listen," and he rattled a stirring peal upon the knocker. "That's not in tune with us no how you can take it—is it, Jinks?"

"No—twudle, tweedle, twudle, tweedle!" replied Jinks, fiddling merrily, as he skipped about the pavement, delighted with his own skill.

"Be quiet there—now, I'll try whether the bell and the knocker are in tune with each other. Let's give 'em a fair trial." So saying, Minim seized the knocker in one hand, and the bell in the other, sounding them to the utmost of his power.

"Oh, horrid! shameful! abominable!—even worse than I thought—upon my word!—"

"Halloo, below!" said a voice from the second story window, emanating from a considerable quantity of night-cap and wrapper; "what's the matter? Is it the Ingens, or is the house afire?"

"I ain't a fireman myself, and I can't tell until the big bell rings whether there's a fire or not," said Minim; "but, if the house is positively on fire, I advise you as a friend to come down, and leave it as soon as possible. Bring your clothes, for the weather's not over warm."

"Yes," said Jinks; "bring your trousers anyhow, for we've only got one whole pair down here."

"You're a pair of impertinent rascals: what do you mean by kicking up such a bobbery at this time of night?"

"Bobbery!—don't be cross, fiddle-strings; always be harmonious in company, and melodious when you're alone, especially when you snore. I merely wish to inform you that your bell and knocker do not accord. Just listen!"

Bell and knocker were both again operated on vigorously.

"Did you ever hear the like? I'm ashamed of you—have them tuned, do—it's dreadful. Tune 'em."

Once more Minim rang the bell and plied the knocker with great vigour and strength of muscle, while Jinks played "*Nel furor delle tempeste*," from Il Pirata.

The night-capped head disappeared from the window, and the musical gentlemen stood chattering and laughing, the one on the step and the other on the pavement, all unconscious of the mischief that was brewing for them.

"Come," said Minim—"let's give these people a duet—a serenade will enlarge their musical capacities."

"What shall it be?" queried Jinks, humming a succession of airs, to find something suited to the occasion.

"Something about bells, if you don't know any thing about knockers," added Minim, giving the bell handle another affectionate tweak.

Just then, Meinherr Night-cap and Wrapper returned to the window, aided by a stout servant, bearing a bucket of water. "I'll not call the watch," chuckled he, "but I'll teach these fellows how to swim."

"Home, fare thee well,
The ocean's storm is over,"

sang Matthew Minim and Jenkinson Jinks.

"Not over yet," said the voice from the window, as Minim was drenched by the upsetting of the bucket—"take care of the ground-swell!"

A spluttering, panting, and puffing sound succeeded, like

"The bubbling shriek, the solitary cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

Jinks paddled off rapidly—he had seen enough of the Cataract of the Ganges in former times: not so with Mr. Minim, who exclaimed,

"Fire and fury! who asked for a water-piece? If 'Water parted' is your tune, you may stick to Arne, but I'll give you a touch of Kotzwara—a specimen of the 'Battle of Prague,' with a little of the 'Hailstone chorus.'"

Minim hammered away at the door; but not being able to beat in the panels with his feet, he caught up a paving-stone and hurled it against the frame, shouting "Stony-batter!"

Windows flew up in all directions, and night-capped heads projected from every embrasure. The people shouted, the dogs barked, and rattles were sprung all round. Never was there heard a less musical din.

Minim stood aghast. "Worse and worse!" cried he; "what a clatter! Haydn's 'Chaos' was a fool to this! It's natural music, however, and I'll play my part till I get in, and catch the fellow who appointed himself the watering committee;" and he, therefore, continued beating upon the door.

Mr. Minim was, however, overpowered by a number of individuals, headed by the bucket bearing servant, and as his heels were tripped up, he mournfully remarked,

"So fell Cardinal Wolsey. Will nobody favour us

with the 'Last words of Marmion,' or 'The soldier tired,' 'My lodging is on the cold ground,' or something else neat and appropriate?"

"Can't you get somebody to bail you?" said a punning individual, alluding to Mr. Minim's drenched condition.

"Let him run, Jacob," exclaimed the gentleman with the night-cap, speaking from the window; "take him round the corner, and give him a start. He is sufficiently water-lynched, and I want no further trouble on his account."

"I won't go," replied Minim. "I've finished playing for the night; but as you are leader, give the *coup d'archet*, and set your orchestra in motion. I won't walk round the corner—carry me—this must be a *sostenuto* movement."

"Well, if that ain't a good note!" said the admiring crowd, as Minim was transported round the corner, whence, being set at liberty, he walked drippingly home, and ever after confined his musical researches within decorous bounds.

RIPTON RUMSEY;

A TALE OF THE WATERS.

They who are at all mindful of atmospheric phenomena must remember a storm, remarkable for its violence, which occurred not long since. It was a storm by night, and of those abroad at the time, every one averse to the shower bath, and having a feline dislike to wet feet, will bear it in mind, at least until the impression is washed out by the floods of a greater tempest. In the evening, the rain, as if exercising itself for more important feats, fell gently and at intervals; but as the night advanced, the wind came forth intent upon a frolic. Commencing with playful gambols, it amused itself at first with blowing out the old women's candles at the apple stands. Then growing bolder, it extinguished a few corporation lamps, and, like a mischievous boy, made free to snatch the hats of the unguarded, and to whisk them through mud and kennel. At length becoming wild by indulgence, it made a terrible turmoil through the streets, without the slightest regard to municipal regulations to the contrary. It went whooping at the top of its voice round the corners, whistled shrilly through the key-holes, and howled in dismal tones about the chimney tops. Here, it startled the negligent housewife from her slumbers by slamming the unbolted shutter till it roared

like a peal of artillery; and there, it tossed a rusty sign until its ancient hinges creaked for mercy; while at intervals, the heavy tumble of scantling told that when Auster chooses to kick up a breeze, he is very nearly as good at a practical joke as Boreas, or any other frolicsome member of the Æolian family. The clouds too threw open their sluices, and the water joining in the saturnalia, tried a variety of ways to amuse itself, and its capers were as numerous as those of the gale. It beat the tattoo upon the pavement with such sportive fury, that it was difficult to decide whether it did not rain upward as violently as it did downward. Anon the breeze came sweeping along in a horizontal shower, disdaining alike the laws of gravity, and the perpendicular, but more hackneyed method of accomplishing its object. In short, whether reference be had to wind or to water, it may be noted in the journals of those curious in regard to weather, as a night equally calculated to puzzle an umbrella, and to render "every man his own washerwoman."

Selecting a single incident from the many, which it is natural to suppose might have been found by the aid of a diving bell on such a night, it becomes necessary to fish up Ripton Rumsey, who happened to be abroad on that occasion, as he is upon all occasions when left to consult his own wishes. Where Ripton had been in the early part of the evening, it would not have been easy either for himself or any one else to tell. It is, therefore, fair to infer that, distributing his attentions, he had been as usual "about in spots." The fact is he has a hobby, which, like many hobbies, is apt to throw its rider. Although temperately disposed, such is the inquiring nature of his philosophic spirit, that, with a view perhaps to the ultimate benefit of the human race, he is continually experimenting as to the effects of alcoholic stimulants

upon the human frame. It is probable, therefore, that on this occasion having "imbibed too much of the enemy" neat as imported, he had walked forth to qualify it by a stroll in the rain. This, however, is irrelevant, where he was, is the point at issue.

The rain came down heavier than ever. A solitary watchman, more amphibious than his race in general, was seen wending his way through the puddles, thinking, if he thought at all, of the discomforts of those whom Noah left behind, and of that happy provision of nature which renders a wet back fatal to none but young goslings. Dodging between the drops was out of the question; so he strode manfully onward, until he stumbled over something which lay like a lion, or a bundle of wet clothing, in his path.

"Why, hello!—what do you call this when it's biled, and the skin's tuck off?" said he, recovering himself, and giving the obstruction a thrust with his foot. "What's this without ing'ens?" continued he, in that metaphorical manner peculiar to men of his profession, when they ask for naked truths and uncooked facts.

It was Ripton Rumsey—in that independent condition which places men beyond the control of circumstances, enabling them to sleep quietly either on the pavement or on the track of a well travelled railroad, and to repose in despite of rain, thunder, a gnawing conscience, or the fear of a locomotive. It was Ripton Rumsey, saved from being floated away solely by the saturated condition of both his internal and external man.

"It's a man," remarked the investigator, holding to a tree with his right hand, as he curiously, yet cautiously pawed Ripton with his left foot. "It's a man who's turned in outside of the door, and is taking a snooze on the cold water principle. Well, I say, neighbour, jist in

a friendly way," added he, giving Ripton a prodigious kick as an evidence of his amicable feeling—"if you don't get up, you'll ketch a nagee or the collar-and-fix-you. Up with you, Jacky Dadle."

Ripton's condition, as before hinted, was beyond the ordinary impulses to human action; and he, therefore, endured several severe digs with the foot aforesaid, without uttering more than a deep-toned grunt; but at last the sharp corner of the boot coming in contact with his ribs, he suddenly turned over in the graceful attitude of a frog, and struck out vigorously. Like Giovanni's faithful squire, he proved himself an adept at swimming on land. He "handled" his arms and legs with such dexterity, that before his progress could be arrested, he was on the curbstone. The next instant heard him plunge into the swollen and roaring kennel, and with his head sticking above the water, he buffeted the waves with a heart of controversy.

"The boat's blowed up, and them that ain't biled are all overboard!" spluttered the swimmer, as he dashed the waters about, and seemed almost strangled with the quantities which entered the hole in his head entitled a mouth, which was sadly unacquainted with undistilled fluids—"Strike out, or you're gone chickens! them as can't swim must tread water, and them as can't tread water must go to Davy Jones! Let go my leg! Every man for himself! Phre-e-e! bro-o-o! Who's got some splatterdocks?"

The watch looked on in silent admiration; but finding that the aquatic gentleman did not make much headway, and that a probability existed of his going out of the world in soundings and by water, a way evidently not in conformity to his desires, the benevolent guardian of the night thought proper to interpose; and bending himself

to the work, at last succeeded in re-establishing Ripton Rumsey on the curbstone.

"Ha!" said Ripton, after gasping a few minutes, and wringing the water from his face and hair—"you've saved me, and you'll be put in the newspapers for it by way of solid reward. Jist in time—I'd been down twyst, and if I'd gone agin, Ripton Rumsey would a stayed there—once more and the last and the nearest gits it. Only think—my eye! how the shads and the catties would a chawed me up! Getting drownded ain't no fun, and after you're drownded it's wus. My sufferings what I had and my sufferings what I like to had is enough to make a feller cry, only I ain't got no hankercher, and my sleeve's so wet it won't wipe good."

"Yes, young 'un," said the Charley, "s'posing the fishes had been betting on elections, they'd have invited the other fishes to eat you for oyster suppers,—so much majority for sturgeon-nose, or a Ripton Rumsey supper for the company—why not? If we ketch the fishes, we eat them; and if they ketch us, they eat us,—bite all round."

But the storm again began to howl, and as Ripton evidently did not understand the rationale of the argument, the watchman lost his poetic sympathy for the Jonah of the gutters. Even had he heard the fishes calling for "Ripton Rumseys fried," "Ripton Rumseys stewed," or "Ripton Rumseys on a chafing dish," he would have felt indifferent about the matter, and if asked how he would take him, would undoubtedly have said, "Ripton Rumsey on a wheelbarrow."

"You must go to the watch-house."

"What fur must I! Fetch along the Humane Society's apparatus for the recovery of drownded indiwidooals—them's what I want—I'm water logged. Bring us one of the largest kind of smallers—a tumbler full of brandy

and water, without no water in it. I've no notion of being diddled out of the sweets of my interesting sitivation—I want the goodies—wrap me in a hot blanket and lay me by the fire—put hot bricks to my feet, fill me up with hot toddy, and then go away. That's the scientific touch, and it's the only way I'm to be brung to, because when I'm drownded I'm a hard case."

The Charley promised all, if Ripton would accompany him. The soft delusion was believed, and the "hard case" was lodged in the receptacle for such as he, where, before he discovered the deception, he fell into a profound slumber, which lasted till morning. The examination was as follows:—

"Where do you live?"

"I'm no ways petickelar—jist where it's cheapest and most convenient. The cheapest kind of living, according to my notion, is when it's pretty good and don't cost nothing. In winter, the Alms House is not slow, and if you'll give us a call, you'll find me there when the snow's on the ground. But when natur' smiles and the grass is green, I'm out like a hoppergrass. The fact is, my constitution isn't none of the strongest; hard work hurts my system; so I go about doing little jobs for a fip or a levy, so's to get my catnip tea and bitters regular—any thing for a decent living, if it doesn't tire a feller. But hang the city—rural felicity and no Charleys is the thing, after all—pumpkins, cabbages, and apple whiskey is always good for a weakly constitution and a man of an elewated turn of mind."

"Well, I'll send you to Moyamensing prison—quite rural."

The sound of that awful word struck terror to the very marrow of Ripton. Like the rest of his class, while bearing his soul in his stomach, he carries his heart a'

the end of his nose, and to his heart rushed the blood from every part of his frame, until the beacon blazed with a lurid glare, and the bystanders apprehended nasal apoplexy. The rudder of his countenance grew to such a size that there was no mistaking the leading feature of the case. To see before him, Ripton was compelled to squint direfully, and as the beggar in Gil Blas did his carbine, he found himself under the necessity of resting his tremendous proboscis on the clerk's desk, while cocking his eye at his honour.

"Miamensin!" stammered Ripton—"Ouch, ouch! now don't! that's a clever feller. Arch street was all well enough—plenty of company and conversation to improve a chap. But Miamensin—scandaylus! Why they clap you right into a bag as soon as you get inside the door, jist as if they'd bought you by the bushel, and then, by way of finishing your education, they lug you along and empty you into a room where you never see nothing nor nobody. It's jist wasting a man—I'm be bagged if I go to Miamensin!—I'd rather be in the Menagerry, and be stirred up with a long pole twenty times a day, so as to cause me for to growl to amuse the company. I ain't potatoes to be put into a bag—blow the bag!"

"There's no help for it, Ripton; you are a vagrant, and must be taken care of."

"That's what I like; but bagging a man is no sort of a way of taking care of him, unless he's a dead robin or a shot tom-tit. As for being a vagrom, it's all owing to my weakly constitution, and because I can't have my bitters and catnip tea regular. But if it's the law, here's at you. Being a judge, or a mayor, or any thing of that sort's easy done without catnip tea; it don't hurt your hands, or strain your back; but jist try a spell at smashing

stones, or piling logs, and you'd learn what's what without being put in a bag.

"Never mind," said Ripton, as he was conducted from the office, "every thing goes round in this world. Perhaps I'll be stuck up some day on a bench to ladle out law to the loafers. Who knows? Then let me have a holt of some of the chaps that made Miamensin. I'd ladle out the law to 'em so hot, they'd not send their plates for more soup in a hurry. I'd have a whole bucketful of catnip tea alongside, and the way they'd ketch thirty days, and thirty days a top of that, would make 'em grin like chessy cats. First I'd bag all the Charleys, and then I'd bag all the mayors, and sew 'em up."

A WHOLE-SOULED FELLOW;

OR,

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF TIPPLETON TIPPS.

As the reader may have observed in his journey through life, the shades and varieties of human character are infinite. Although the temperaments, like the cardinal numbers, are not multitudinous, yet in the course of events they have been so combined with each other, and are so modified by circumstance, that ingenuity itself cannot institute subdivisions to classify mankind with correctness. Whatever it may have been when our ancestors existed in the nomadic state and herded in tribes, it is difficult now to find the temperaments in their pristine purity; and in consequence, it is but vague description to speak of others as sanguineous, nervous, or saturnine. Something more definite is required to convey to the mind a general impression of the individual, and to give an idea of his mode of thought, his habitual conduct, and his principles of action. Luckily, however, for the cause of science and for the graphic force of language, there is a universal aptitude to paint with words, and to condense a catalogue of qualities in a phrase, which has been carried to such perfection, that in ac-

quiring through the medium of another a knowledge of the distinctive moral features of our fellow mortals, it is by no means necessary to devote hours to query and response. An intelligent witness can convey to us the essence of a character in a breath; a flourish of the tongue will sketch a portrait, and place it, varnished and framed, in our mental picture gallery. The colours will, it is true, be coarsely dashed in, but the strength of the resemblance abundantly compensates for deficiency of finish. If, for instance, we are briefly told that Mr. Plinlimmon is a "cake," the word may be derided as a cant appellation; the ultra-fastidious may turn up their noses at it as a slang phrase; but volumes could not render our knowledge of the man more perfect. We have him as it were, upon a salver, weak, unwholesome, and insipid —suited to the fancy, perhaps, of the very youthful, but by no means qualified for association with the bold, the mature, and the enterprising. When we hear that a personage is classed by competent judges among the "spoons," we do not of course expect to find him shining in the buffet; but we are satisfied that in action he must figure merely as an instrument. There are likewise, in this method of painting to the ear, the nicest shades of difference, often represented and made intelligible solely by the change of a letter,—"soft" being the positive announcement of a good easy soul, and "saft" intimating that his disposition takes rank in the superlative degree of mollification. When danger's to be confronted, who would rashly rely upon a "skulk?" or, under any circumstances, ask worldly advice of those verdant worthies known among their cotemporaries as decidedly "green?"

Such words are the mystic cabala; they are the key to individuality, throwing open a panoramic view of the

man, and foreshadowing his conduct in any supposed emergency.

Therefore, when we speak of Tippleton Tipps as a "whole-souled fellow," the acute reader will find an inkling of biography in the term—he will understand that Tippleton is likely to be portrayed as "no one's enemy but his own"—and from that will have a glimpse of disastrous chances, of hairbreadth 'scapes, and of immediate or prospective wreck. According to the popular acceptation of the phrase, a "whole-soul" is a boiler without a safety valve, doomed sooner or later to explode with fury, if wisdom with her gimblet fail in making an aperture: the puncture, however, being effected, the soul is a whole-soul no longer. It must therefore be confessed that Tippleton Tipps has not thus been bored by wisdom. He has a prompt alacrity at a "blow-out" and has been skyed in a "blow-up," two varieties of the blow which frequently follow each other so closely as to be taken for cause and effect.

Tippleton Tipps, as his *soubriquet* imports, is one of those who rarely become old, and are so long engaged in sowing their wild oats as to run to seed themselves, never fructifying in the way of experience, unless it be, like Bardolph, in the region of the nose. Before the condensing process was applied to language, he would probably have been called a dissipated, unsteady rogue, who walked in the broad path which furnishes sea-room for eccentricities of conduct; but in these labour-saving times, he rejoices in the milder, but quite as descriptive title of a whole-souled fellow, the highest degree attainable in the college of *insouciance* and jollity. It is, however, no honorary distinction, to be gained without toil or danger. The road is steep and thorny, and though in striving to reach the topmost height, there is no ne-

cessity for burning the midnight oil in the retired study, yet the midnight lamp, and many of the lamps which beam between the noon of night and morning, are often incidentally smashed in the process. Aspirants for other academic glories become pale with application and protracted vigils, but the whole-souled fellow will outwatch the lynx, and, if his cheek be blanched, the colour is made up in another portion of his visage. He is apt to be as "deeply red" as any one, though the locality of his acquirements may be different.

The strict derivation of the title acquired by Tippleton—the W. S. F. by which he is distinguished—is not easily to be traced. There is, however, a vulgar belief that the philosopher who devotes himself to profound investigations, whether theoretical, like those of the schools, or experimental, like those of the Tippses, is not altogether free from flaw in the region of the occiput, and hence, as the schoolman has the sutures of his cranium caulked with latinized degrees, and as one should always have something whole about him, fancy and charity combined give the fast-livers credit for a "whole-soul."

Now, Tippleton Tipps always lived uncommonly fast. He is in fact remarkable for free action and swift travel, existing regularly at the rate of sixteen miles an hour under a trot, and can go twenty in a gallop. He sleeps fast, talks fast, eats fast, drinks fast, and, that he may get on the faster, seldom thinks at all. It is an axiom of his that thinking, if not "an idle waste of thought," is a very leaden business—one must stop to think, which wastes time and checks enterprise. He reprobates it as much as he does poring over books, an employment which he regards as only calculated to give a man a "crick in the neck," and to spoil the originality of his

ideas. A whole-souled fellow knows every thing intuitively—what is reason with others, is instinct in him.

When Tippleton was quite a little boy, his moral idiosyncrasy manifested itself in a very decisive way. His generosity was remarkable; he was never known to pause in giving away the playthings belonging to his brothers and sisters; and his disinterestedness was such that he never hesitated an instant in breaking or losing his own, if sure of repairing the deficit by foraging upon others. No sordid impulse prevented a lavish expenditure of his pennies, and as soon as they were gone he "financiered" with the same liberality by borrowing from his little friends, never offending their delicacy by an offer to return the loan,—a blunder into which meaner spirits sometimes fall. When that statesmanlike expedient would no longer answer, he tried the great commercial system upon a small scale, by hypothecating with the apple and pie woman the pennies he was to receive, thus stealing a march upon time by living in advance. There being many apple women and likewise many pie women, he extended his business in this whole-souled sort of a way, and skilfully avoiding the sinking of more pennies than actually necessary to sustain his credit, he prospered for some time in the eating line. But as every thing good is sure to have an end, the apple and pie system being at last blown out tolerably large, Tippleton exploded with no assets. By way of a moral lesson, his father boxed his ears and refused to settle with his creditors,—whereupon Tippleton concluded that the sin lay altogether in being found out,—while his mother kissed him, gave him a half dollar, and protested that he had the spirit of a prince and ought not to be snubbed. As the spirit of a prince is a fine thing, it was cherished accordingly, and Tippleton spent his cash and laughed at the pie women.

The home department of his training being thus carefully attended to, Tippleton went to a variety of "lyceums," "academies," and "institutes," and mosaicked his education by remaining long enough to learn the branches of mischief indigenous to each, when, either because he had outstripped his teacher, or because his whole-soul had become too large, he was invariably requested to resign, receiving on all of these interesting occasions the cuff paternal and the kiss maternal, the latter being accompanied, as usual, with a reinforcement to his purse and a plaudit to his spirit. Tippleton then took a turn at college, where he received the last polish before the premature notice to quit was served upon him; and at seventeen he was truly "whole-souled," playing billiards as well as any "pony" in the land, and boxing as scientifically as the "deaf 'un." He could owe everybody with a grace peculiar to himself; kick up the noisiest of all possible rows at the theatre, invariably timed with such judgment as to make a tumultuous rush at the most interesting part of the play; he could extemporize a *fracas* at a ball, and could put Cayenne pepper in a church stove. The most accomplished young man about town was Tippleton Tipps, and every year increased his acquirements.

Time rolled on; the elder Tippses left the world for their offspring to bustle in, and Tippleton, reaching his majority, called by a stretch of courtesy the age of discretion, received a few thousands as his outfit in manhood. He, therefore, resolved to set up for himself, determined to be a whole-souled fellow all the time, instead of, as before, acting in that capacity after business hours.

"Now," said Tipps, exultingly, "I'll see what fun is made of—now I'll enjoy life—now I'll be a man!"

And, acting on that common impression, which, however, is not often borne out by the result, that when the present means are exhausted something miraculous will happen to recruit the finances, Tippleton commenced operations,—stylish lodgings, a "high trotting horse," buggy, and all other "confederate circumstance." It was soon known that he was under weigh, and plenty of friends forthwith clustered around him, volunteering their advice, and lending their aid to enable him to support the character of a whole-souled fellow in the best and latest manner. Wherever his knowledge happened to be deficient, Diggs "put him up" to this, Twiggs "put him up" to that, and Sniggs "put him up" to t'other, and Diggs, Twiggs, and Sniggs gave him the preference whenever they wanted a collateral security or a direct loan. Thus, Tippleton not only had the pleasure of their company at frolics given by himself, but had likewise the advantage of being invited by them to entertainments for which his own money paid.

"Clever is hardly a name for you, Tippleton," said Diggs, using the word in its cis-atlantic sense.

"No back-out in him," mumbled Sniggs, with unwonted animation.

"The whole-souled'st fellow I ever saw," chimed Twiggs.

Tippleton had just furnished his satellites with the cash to accompany him to the races; for then he was yet rather "flush."

"Give me Tippleton anyhow," said Diggs,—"he's all sperrit."

"And *no* mistake," chimed Sniggs.

"He wanted it himself, I know he did," ejaculated Twiggs, "but, whole-souled fellow—" and Twiggs buttoned his pocket on the needful, and squinted through

the shutters at the tailor's boy and the bootmaker's boy, who walked suspiciously away from the door, as if they didn't believe that

TIPPLETON TIPPS, ESQ.

Dr.

To sundries as per account rendered,

was "not in." Tailors' boys, and shoemakers' boys, and indeed, bill-bearing boys in general, are matter-of-factish incredulous creatures at best, and have no respect for the poetic licenses; they are not aware that whole-souled people, like the mysterious ball of those ingenious artists the "thimble riggers," who figure upon the sward on parade days, race days, hanging days, and other popular jubilees, are either in or out as the emergencies of the case require.

But what would not Tippleton do to maintain his reputation? While he had the means, let borrowers be as plenty as blackberries, they had only to pronounce the "open sesame" to have their wishes gratified, even if Tippleton himself were obliged to borrow to effect so desirable an object. The black looks of landlords and landladies, the pertinacities of mere business creditors, what are they, when the name of a whole-souled fellow is at stake? Would they have such a one sink into the meanness of giving the preference to engagements which bring no credit except upon books? Is selfishness so predominant in their natures? If so, they need not look to be honoured by the Tippleton Tippses with the light of their countenance, or the sunshine of their patronage. There is not a Tipps in the country who would lavish interviews upon men or the representatives of men, who have so little sympathy with the owners of whole-souls. To such, the answer will invariably be "not in."

* * * * *

"Tippleton Tipps, I've an idea," said Diggs.

"Surprising," said Tippleton moodily.

"A splendid idea—a fortune-making idea for you," continued Diggs.

Now, it so happened that Tippleton was just in that situation in which the prospect of a fortune is a "splendid idea," even to a "whole-souled fellow." His funds were exhausted—his credit pumped dry; the horse and buggy had been sequestered, "and something miraculous" in the shape of relief had not happened. In fact, affairs were in that desperate condition which offers no resource but the dreadful one of suicide, or that still more dreadful alternative, going to work,—running away without the means being a matter of impossibility.

"As how?" interrogated Tippleton dubiously, he having but little faith in the money-making schemes broached by Diggs, that individual's talent lying quite in another direction.

"As how?" chorussed Sniggs and Twiggs, who, as hard run as their compatriots, snuffed free quarters in the word, and a well-filled purse ready at their call.

"You must marry," added Diggs. "Get thee a wife, Tippleton."

"Ah! that would improve the matter amazingly, and be quite a profitable speculation," replied Tippleton ironically.

"To be sure—why not? What's to prevent a good looking, whole-souled fellow like you from making a spec?—Grimson's daughter, for instance—not pretty, but plaguey rich—only child—what's to hinder—eh?"

"Yes—what's to hinder?" said Twiggs and Sniggs, looking at each other, and then at Tippleton—"whole-souled—good looking—and all that—just what the girls like."

"Perhaps they do, but papas do not," said Tippleton, with a meditating look; "as for old Grimson, he hates 'em."

"Very like; but you don't want to marry Grimson—get the daughter, and the father follows—that's the plan. If it must be so, why make an impression upon Miss Jemima first—then shave off your whiskers, uncurl your hair, put your hat straight on your head, and swear to a reform—quit fun, go to bed early—very hard certainly, but when matters are once properly secured, then you know—ha! ha!" and Twiggs sportively knocked Tippleton in the ribs.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Twiggs and Sniggs, poking each other in the same anatomical region.

Although Tippleton had but little fancy for matrimony in general, or for Miss Jemima Grimson in particular, yet under the circumstances, he felt disposed to venture on the experiment and to try what could be done. He therefore continued the conversation, which happened late one night in a leading thoroughfare, and which was interrupted in a strange, startling manner.

An intelligent "hem!" given in that peculiar tone which intimates that the utterer has made a satisfactory discovery, seemed to issue from a neighbouring tree-box, and as Messrs. Tipps, Diggs, Sniggs, and Twiggs directed their astonished regards toward the suspected point, a head decorated with a straw hat—a very unseasonable article at the time, and more unseasonable from its lid-like top, which opened and shut at each passing breeze—protruded from the shelter.

"Ahem!" repeated the head, seeming to speak with "most miraculous organ," the wintry blast lifting up the hat-crown and letting it fall again, as if it were the mouth of some nondescript—"Ahem! I like the specki-

lation myself, and I must either be tuck in as a pardener or I'll peach. I knows old Grimsings—he lent me a kick and a levy t'other day, and if I don't see good reason to the contrayry, I mean to stick up fur him. It's a prime speckilation fur me every-vich-vay."

The conspirators were astonished, as well they might be, at the sudden and unexpected apparition among them of another "whole-souled fellow" with a dilapidated hat. The stranger was Richard Dout, the undegenerated scion of a noble house, the members of which have been conspicuous in all ages—it was Richard, known to his familiars by the less respectful, but certainly more affectionate appellation of "Dicky Dout." He is a man of fine feelings and very susceptible susceptibilities, being of that peculiar temperament which is generally understood to constitute genius, and possessing that delicate organization which is apt to run the head of its owner against stone walls, and prompts him on all occasions to put his fingers in the fire. He has, therefore, like his illustrious progenitors, a strong affinity for "looped and windowed raggedness," and rather a tendency toward a physical method of spiritualizing the grosser particles of the frame. But for once, Dout was sharpened for "speckilation."

"I'm to go sheers," added Dout, as if it were a settled thing.

"Sheer off, you impudent rascal!" ejaculated the party.

"Oh, I don't mind sass," replied he, seating himself coolly on the fire-plug, and deliberately tucking up the only tail which remained to his coat—"Cuss as much as you please—it won't skeer wot I know out o' me. Don't hurt yourself, said Carlo to the kitten. I'll see Grimsings in the morning, if I ain't agreeable here—I'm to

have fust every and a shot this time, as the boys says ven they're playin' of marvels. Let them knuckle down close as can't help it," concluded Dout, as he whistled and rubbed his shin, and remarked that when "sot upon a thing he was raal lignum witey."

"Tippleton!" said Diggs.

"Well?" replied Tippleton.

"A fix!"

"Ra-a-ther."

"*Nullum go-um*," added Sniggs, who prided himself upon his classical knowledge.

"*E pluribum uniber*, if you come to that," interjected Dout.

"We're caught," added Twiggs, who dealt largely in French; "we're caught, *tootin in the assembly*."

"Does he know us?" inquired Tippleton.

"To be sure," replied Dout—"we whole-souled fellers knows everybody in the same line of business."

This was decidedly a check—the speculators were outgeneralled by the genius of the Douts; so making a virtue of necessity, they mollified him by a slight douceur scraped up at the time, and large promises for the future. Dicky was forthwith installed as boot-cleaner and coat-brusher to the party, as well as recipient of old clothes, under condition of keeping tolerably sober and very discreet.

Peace being thus concluded, Tippleton Tipps commenced the campaign against the heart of Miss Jemima Grimson, who liked whole-souled fellows, and began the work of ingratiating himself with his father's old friend Mr. Grimson, who cordially disliked whole-souled fellows. In the first place, therefore, he ceased to associate publicly with Diggs, Sniggs, and Twiggs, and contented him-

self with chuckling with them in private. He silenced his creditors by demonstrating to them that he was a young man of great expectations, and even contrived to obtain advances upon the prospect, wherewith to keep himself in trim and to nourish Dicky Dout. Miss Jemima was delighted, for Tippleton had such a way with him; while Mr. Grimson's unfavourable impressions gradually vanished before his professions of reform and improved conduct. The old gentleman employed him as a clerk, and had a strong inclination either to "set him up" or to "take him in." "Such a correct, sensible young man has he become," quoth Grimson.

Things were thus beautifully *en train*, when Mr. Grimson rashly sent his *protegé* with a sum of money to be used in a specified way in a neighbouring city, and the *protegé*, who longed to indulge himself in that which he classically termed a "knock-around," took his allies Diggs, Sniggs, and Twiggs with him. The "cash proper" being expended—the wine being in and the wit being out—Tippleton being a whole-souled fellow, and his companions knowing it, the "cash improper" was diverted from its legitimate channel, and after a few days of roaring mirth, they returned rather dejected and disheartened.

* * * * *

"Come, what's the use of sighing?" roared Tippleton, as they sat dolorously in a snug corner at the headquarters of the whole-souled fellows. "The money's not quite out—Champagne!"

"Bravo, Tippleton!" responded his companions, and the corks flew merrily—"That's the only way to see one's road out of trouble."

"Another bottle, Dout!—that for Grimson!" shouted Tipps, snapping his fingers—"I'll run off with his daughter—what do you say to that, Dicky Dout?"

Dicky dodged the cork which was flirted at him, and regarding the company with a lugubrious air, observed:

"Accordin' to me, gettin' corned's no way—there's only two business sitiations in which it's allowable—one's when you're so skeered you can't tell what to do, and the other's when your eyes is sot and it's no use doin' nothin'—when you're goin', and when you're gone—it makes you go by a sort of a slant, instead of a bumping tumble. It eases a feller down like a tayckle, when on temperance principles he'd break his neck. For my part, I think this bustin' of yourn looks bad"—Dicky filled a glass and drained its contents—"'specially when you're goin' it on crab-apple cider."

"Get out, Dicky Dout!—Fetch some cigars, Dicky Dout!"

The party sang songs, the party made speeches, and the party rapidly drank up the remainder of Mr. Grimson's cash, a catastrophe which in their present state of mind did not trouble them at all, except when they remembered that no more money, no more wine. Boniface was used to dealing with whole-souled fellows.

"Order, gentlemen!" said Tipps, rising to deliver an address—"I don't get upon my feet to impugn the eye-sight, gentlemen, or the ear-sight, gentlemen, of any member present; but merely to state that there are facts—primary facts, like a kite, and contingent facts, like bob-tails—one set of facts that hang on to another set of facts"—and Tippleton grasped the table to support himself. "The first of these facts is, that in looking out at the window I see snow—I likewise hear sleigh-bells, from which we have the bob-tailed contingent that we ought to go a sleighing to encourage domestic manufactures."

"Hurra!" said Diggs and Sniggs—"let's go a sleighing!"

"Hurray!" muttered Twiggs, who sat drowsing over an extinguished cigar and an empty glass—"let's go a Maying!"

"I have stated, gentlemen," continued Tipps, swaying to and fro, and endeavouring to squeeze a drop from a dry bottle—"several facts, but there is another—a further contingent—the sleighing may be good, and we ought to go—but, gentlemen, we've got no money! That's what I call an appalling fact, in great staring capitals—the money's gone, the Champagne's gone, but though we made 'em go, we can't go ourselves!"

Tippleton Tipps sank into his chair, and added, as he sucked at his cigar with closed eyes:

"Capitalists desiring to contract will please send in their terms, sealed and endorsed 'Proposals to loan.'"

"Cloaks, watches, and breast-pins—spout 'em," hinted Dout from a corner. "We whole-souled people always plant sich articles in sleighing-time, and let's 'em crop out in the spring."

The hint was taken. As the moon rose, a sleigh whizzed rapidly along the street, and as it passed, Tippleton Tipps was seen bestriding it like a Colossus, whirling his arms as if they were the fans of a windmill, and screaming "'Tis my delight of a shiny night!" in which his associates, including Dout, who was seated by the driver, joined with all their vocal power.

"'Twas merry in the parlor, 'twas merry in the hall," when Tippleton, *cum suis*, alighted at a village inn. Fiddles were playing and people were dancing all over the house, and the new arrivals did not lose time in adding to the jovial throng. Tippleton, seizing the barmaid's cap, placed it on his own head, and using the shovel and tongs for the apparatus of a fiddler, danced and played on top of the table, while Dout beat the door

by way of a drum, and Diggs, Sniggs, and Twiggs disturbed the "straight fours" of the company in the general assembly-room by a specimen of the Winnebago war-dance, the whole being accompanied by whoopings after the manner of the aborigines.

The clamor drew the "select parties" into the passages to see the latest arrivals from Pandemonium.

"Who cares for Grimson?" said Tipps, as he fiddled and sung the following choice morceau from Quizembob's Reliques of Lyric Poetry—

"Oh! my father-in-law to me was cross;
Oh 'twas neither for the better, nor yet for the worse;
He neither would give me a cow nor a horse,"—

when Mr. Grimson and Miss Jemima Grimson from the "select parties" stood before him.

"So, Mr. Tippleton Tipps, this is your reform! be pleased to follow me, and give an account of the business intrusted to your charge," said Mr. Grimson sternly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Tippleton, fiddling up to him—"business—pooh! Dance, my old buck, dance like a whole-souled fellow—like me—dance, Jemimy, it may make you pretty—

"He neither would give me a cow nor a horse."

Mr. Grimson turned indignantly on his heel, and Miss Jemima Grimson, frowning volumes of disdain at seeing her lover thus attired and thus disporting himself, and at hearing him thus contumelious to her personal charms, gave him what is poetically termed "a look," and sailed majestically out of the room leaning on her father's arm.

"Ha! ha!" said Tippleton, continuing to fiddle.

"The speckilation's got the grippe," added Dout.

* * * * * *

It was nearly morning when a pair of horses, with the fragments of a sleigh knocking about their heels, dashed wildly into Millet's stable yard. They were the ponies which had drawn Tippleton Tipps and his cohort; but where were those worthy individuals? At the corner of a street, where the snow and water had formed a delusive compound as unstable as the Goodwin sands, lay Tippleton half "smothered in cream"—ice cream, while "his lovely companions" were strewed along the wayside at various intervals, according to the tenacity of their grasp.

"The tea party's spilt," said Dicky Dout, as he went feeling among the snow with a fragment of the wreck, and at length forked up Tippleton, as if he were a dumpling in a bowl of soup.

The tableau was striking. The tender-hearted Dout sat upon the curbstone with Tippleton's head upon his knee, trying to rub a little life into him. It was a second edition of Marmion and Clara de Clare at Flodden field, the Lord of Fontenaye and Tippleton Tipps both being at the climax of their respective catastrophes.

"Ah!" said Dout, heaving a deep sigh as he rubbed away at his patient's forehead, as if it were a boot to clean, "this night has been the ruination of us all—we're smashed up small and sifted through. Here lies Mr. Tipps in a predicary—and me and the whole on 'em is little better nor a flock of gone goslings. It's man's natur', I believe, and we can't help it no how. As fur me, I wish I was a pig—there's some sense in being a pig wot's fat; pigs don't have to speckilate and bust—pigs never go a sleighing, quarrel with their daddies-in-law wot was to be, get into sprees, and make tarnal fools of themselves. Pigs is decent behaved people and good citizens, though they ain't got no wote. And then they

haven't got no clothes to put on of cold mornings when they get up; they don't have to be darnin' and patchin' their old pants; they don't wear no old hats on their heads, nor have to ask people for 'em—cold wittles is plenty for pigs. My eyes! if I was a jolly fat pig belonging to respectable people, it would be tantamount to nothin' with me who was president. Who ever see'd one pig a settin' on a cold curbstone a rubbin' another pig's head wot got chucked out of a sleigh? Pigs has too much sense to go a ridin' if so be as they can help it. I wish I was one, and out of this scrape. It's true," continued Dout thoughtfully, and pulling Tippleton's nose till it cracked at the bridge-joint,—"it's true that pigs has their troubles like humans—constables ketches 'em, dogs bites 'em, and pigs is sometimes almost as done-over suckers as men; but pigs never runs their own noses into scrapes, coaxin' themselves to believe it's fun, as we do. I never see a pig go the whole hog in my life, 'sept upon rum cherries. I'm thinkin' Mr. Tipps is defunct; he sleeps as sound as if it was time to get up to breakfast."

But Tipps slowly revived; he rolled his glassy eye wildly, the other being, as it were, "put up for exportation," or "bunged" as they have it in the vernacular.

"Mister Tipps," said Dout, "do you know what's the matter?"

"Fun's the matter, isn't it?" gasped Tipps; "I've been a sleighing, and we always do it so—it's fun this way—but what's become of my other eye?—Where's—stop—I remember. The horses and sleigh were in a hurry, and couldn't stay—compliments to the folks, but can't sit down."

"Your t'other eye," replied Dout, "as fur as I can see, is kivered up to keep; the wire-edge is took con-

siderable off your nose—your coat is split as if somebody wanted to make a pen of it, and your trousers is fractured."

"Well, I thought the curbstone was uncommonly cold. What with being pitched out of the sleigh, and the grand combat at the hotel, we've had the whole-souled'st time—knocked almost into a cocked hat. But if you don't get thrashed, you haven't been a sleighing. What can science do in a room against chairs, pokers, shovels, and tongs? Swing it into 'em as pretty as you please, it's ten to one if you're not quaited down stairs like clothes to wash. Fun alive!—"

Here Tippleton Tipps yelled defiance, and attempted to show how fields were won—or lost, as in his case; but nature is a strict banker, and will not honour your drafts when no funds are standing to your credit.

"Ah!" panted he, as he fell back into the arms of Mr. Dout; "my frolic's over for once—broke off with Grimson, spent his money—sleigh all in flinders, and I'll have to get a doctor to hunt for my eye and put my nose in splints. Ha! ha! there *is* no mistake in me—always come home from enjoying myself, sprawling on a shutter, as a gentleman should—give me something to talk about—who's afraid?"

Even Dout was surprised to hear such valiant words from the drenched and pummelled mass before him; and as he stared, Tippleton mutteringly asked to be taken home.

"I'm a whole-souled fellow," whispered he faintly—"whole-souled—and—no—mistake—about—the—matter—at—all."

Assistance and "a shutter" being procured, Tippleton Tipps was conveyed to his lodgings, where with a black patch across his nose, a green shade over one eye, the other being coloured purple, blue, and yellow halfway to

the jaw, his upper lip in the condition of that of the man "wot won the fight," his left arm in a sling, and his right ankle sprained, sat Tippleton for at least a month, the very impersonation, essence, and aroma of a "whole-souled fellow." As soon, however, as he was in marching order, he suddenly disappeared, or perhaps was exhaled, like Romulus and other great men, boldly walking right through his difficulties, and leaving them behind him in a state of orphanage.

The last heard of Dout was his closing speech after taking Tipps home on the night of the catastrophe.

"My speckilation has busted its biler. To my notion this 'ere is a hard case. If I tries to mosey along through the world without saying nothin' to nobody, it won't do —livin' won't come of itself, like the man you owe money to—you are obligated to step and fetch it. If I come fur to go fur to paddle my tub quietly down the gutter of life without bumping agin the curbstone on one side, I'm sure to get aground on the other, or to be upsot somehow. If I tries little speckilations sich as boning things, I'm sartin to be cotch; and if I goes pardeners, as I did with Mr. Tipps, it won't do. Fips and levies ain't as plenty as snowballs in this 'ere yearthly spear. But talking of snowballs, I wish I was a nigger. Nobody will buy a white man, but a stout nigger is worth the slack of two or three hundred dollars. I hardly believe myself there is so much money; but they say so, and if I could get a pot of blackin' and some brushes, I'd give myself a coat, and go and hang myself up for sale in the Jarsey Market, like a froze possum."

Dout walked gloomily away, and the story goes that when this whole-souled fellow in humble life was finally arrested as a vagrant, his last aspiration as he entered the prison, was: "Oh! I wish I was a pig, 'cause they ain't got to go to jail!"

GAMALIEL GAMBRIL;

OR, DOMESTIC UNEASINESS.

It may be a truism, yet we cannot help recording it as our deliberate opinion, that life is begirt with troubles. The longer we live, the more we are convinced of the fact—solidly, sincerely convinced; especially in cold weather, when all evils are doubled, and great annoyances are reinforced by legions of petty vexations. The happiest conditions of existence—among which it is usual to class matrimony—are not without their alloy. There is a principle of equity always at work, and, therefore, where roses strew the path, thorns are sharpest and most abundant. Were it otherwise, frail humanity might at times forget its mortal nature—as it is apt to do when not roughly reminded of the fact—and grow altogether too extensive for its nether integuments.

A stronger proof that "there's naught but care on every hand," and that it is often nearest when least expected, could not be found, than in the case of Gamaliel Gambril the cobbler, an influential and well known resident of Ringbone Alley, a section of the city wherein he has "a voice potential, double as the Duke's." Gamaliel's Christmas gambols — innocent as he deemed them — terminated in the revolt of his household, a species of civil war which was the more distressing to him as it came like a cloud after sunshine,

darker and more gloomy from the preceding light. It is often thus with frail humanity. The keenest vision cannot penetrate the contracted circle of the present, and give certain information of the future. Who, that sets forth to run a rig, can tell in what that rig may end? The laughing child, unconscious of mishap, pursues the sportive butterfly and falls into a ditch; and man, proud of his whiskers, his experience, and his foresight, will yet follow that phantom felicity until he gets into a scrape. The highways and the byways of existence are filled with man-traps and spring-guns, and happy he whose activity is so great that he can dance among them with uninjured ankles, and escape scot-free. That faculty, which to a man of a sportive turn of mind is more precious than rubies, is denied to Gamaliel Gambril. When convivially inclined, he is a Napoleon, whose every battle-field is a Waterloo—a Santa Anna, whose San Jacintos are innumerable.

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It was past the noon of night, and the greater part of those who had beds to go to, had retired to rest. Light after light had ceased to flash from the windows, and every house was in darkness, save where a faintly burning candle in the attic told that Sambo or Dinah had just finished labour, and was about enjoying the sweets of repose, or where a fitful flashing through the fan light of an entry door hinted at the fact that young Hopeful was still abroad at his revels. It seemed that the whole city and liberties were in bed, and the active imagination of the solitary stroller through the streets could not avoid painting the scene. He figured to himself the two hundred thousand human creatures who dwell within those precincts, lying prone upon their couches—couches varied as their fortunes, and in attitudes more varied than either

—some, who are careless of making a figure in the world, with their knees drawn up to their chins; the haughty and ostentatious stretched out to their full extent; the ambitious, the sleeping would-be Cæsars, spread abroad like the eagle on a sign, or a chicken split for the gridiron, each hand and each foot reaching toward a different point of the compass; the timid rolled up into little balls, with their noses just peeping from under the clothes; and the valiant with clenched fists and bosoms bare—for character manifests itself by outward signs, both in our sleeping and in our waking moments; and if the imagination of the speculative watcher has ears as well as eyes, the varied music which proceeds from these two hundred thousand somnolent bodies will vibrate upon his tympanum—the dulcet flute-like snoring which melodiously exhales from the Phidian nose of the sleeping beauty; the querulous whining of the nervous papa; the warlike startling snort of mature manhood, ringing like a trumpet call, and rattling the window glass with vigorous fury; the whistling, squeaking, and grunting of the eccentric; and, in fine, all the diversified sounds with which our race choose to accompany their sacrifices to Morpheus.

But though so many were in bed, there were some who should have been in bed who were not there. On this very identical occasion, when calmness seemed to rule the hour, the usually quiet precincts of Ringbone Alley were suddenly disturbed by a tremendous clatter. But loud as it was, the noise for a time continued unheeded. The inhabitants of that locality—who are excellent and prudent citizens, and always, while they give their arms and legs a holiday, impose additional labour upon their digestive organs—worn out by the festivities of the season, and somewhat oppressed with a feverish head-ache, the consequence thereof, were generally

asleep; and, with no disposition to flatter, or to assume more for them than they are entitled to, it must be conceded that the Ringboners, when they tie up their heads and take off their coats to it, are capital sleepers—none better. They own no relationship to those lazy, aristocratic dozers, who seem to despise the wholesome employment of slumbering, and, instead of devoting their energies to the task, amuse themselves with counting the clock, and with idly listening to every cry of fire—who are afraid to trust themselves unreservedly to the night, and are so suspicious of its dusky face, and so doubtful of the fidelity of the "sentinel stars," as to watch both night and stars. Unlike this nervous race, the Ringboners have in general nothing to tell when they assemble round the breakfast table. They eat heartily, and grumble not about the badness of their rest; for their rest has no bad to it. They neither hear the shutters slam in the night, nor are they disturbed by mysterious knockings about three in the morning. They do not, to make others ashamed of their honest torpidity, ask, "Where was the fire?" and look astonished that no one heard the alarm. On the contrary, when they couch themselves, they are only wide enough awake to see the candle out of the corner of one eye, and nothing is audible to them between the puff which extinguishes the light and the call to labour at the dawn. When their heads touch the pillow, their optics are closed and their mouths are opened. Each proboscis sounds the charge into the land of Nod, and like Eastern monarchs, they slumber to slow music, Ringbone Alley being vocal with one tremendous snore.

No wonder that such a praiseworthy people, so circumstanced, should not be easily awakened by the noise before alluded to. But the disturbance grew louder; the

little dogs frisked and barked; the big dogs yawned and bayed; the monopolizing cats, who like nobody's noise but their own, whisked their tails and flew through the cellar windows in dismay. The alley, which, like Othello, can stand most things unmoved, was at last waking up, and not a few night-capped heads projected like whitewashed artillery through the embrasures of the upper casements, dolefully and yawnfully "vanting to know vot vos the row?"

The opening of Gamaliel Gambril's front door answered the question. He and his good lady were earnestly discussing some problem of domestic economy—some knotty point as to the reserved rights of parties to the matrimonial compact. It soon, however, became evident that the husband's reasoning, if not perfectly convincing, was too formidable and weighty to be resisted. Swift as the flash, Madam Gambril dashed out of the door, while Gamaliel, like "panting time, toiled after her in vain," flourishing a strap in one hand and a broom in the other. Though the night was foggy, it was clear that something unusual was the matter with Gamaliel. His intellectual superstructure had, by certain unknown means, become too heavy for his physical framework. Mind was triumphing over matter, and, as was to be expected, matter proving weak, the immortal mind had many tumbles; but still, rolling, tumbling, and stumbling, Gamaliel, like Alpheus, pursued his Arethusa; not until the flying fair was metamorphosed into a magic stream, but until he pitched into an urban water-course of a less poetic nature, which checked his race, while its waves soothed and measurably tranquillized his nervous system. At the catastrophe, Mrs. Gambril ceased her flight, but after the manner of the Cossacks of the Don,

or the Mahratta cavalry, kept circling round the enemy—out of striking distance, yet within hail.

"Gammy Gambril," said she, appealing to the *argumentum ad hominem*, in reply to that *ad baculum* from which she fled—"Gammy, you're a mere warmunt—a pitiful warmunt; leave me no money—not at home these two days and nights, and still no money!—now you are come, what do you fetch?—a tipsy cobbler! Hot corn is good for something, and so is corned beef; but I'd like to know what's the use of a corned cobbler?"

"Corneycopey for ever! It's merry Christmas and happy New Year, old woman!" said Gambril, raising himself with great difficulty to a sitting posture; "and I'll larrup you like ten thousand, if you'll only come a little nearer. Ask for money on a Christmas!—it's too aggrawatin'!—it's past endurin'! I'm bin jolly myself—I'm jolly now, and if you ain't jolly, come a little nearer and [*flourishing the strap*] I'll make you jolly."

Much conversation of a similar tenor passed between the parties; but as the argument continued the same, no new ideas were elicited, until Montezuma Dawkins, a near neighbour, and a man of a rather nervous temperament—the consequence perhaps of being a bachelor—stepped out to put an end to the noise, which interfered materially with his repose.

"Go home, Mrs. Gambril," said Montezuma Dawkins soothingly; and as she obeyed, he turned to Mr. Gambril, and remarked in a severe tone, "This 'ere's too bad, Gammy—right isn't often done in the world; but if you had your rights, you'd be between the finger and thumb of justice—just like a pinch of snuff—you'd be took."

Montezuma Dawkins prided himself on his legal

knowledge, for he had made the fires in a magistrate's office during a whole winter, and consequently was well qualified to lecture his neighbours upon their errors in practice.

"Nonsense," replied Gammy—"me took when it's Christmas!—well I never!—did any body ever?—I'm be switch'd—"

"No swearing. This 'ere is a connubibal case—connubibalities in the street; and the law is as straight as a loon's leg on that pint. You don't understand the law, I s'pose? Well, after you're growed up, and your real poppy—or your pa, as the people in Chestnut street would call him—can't keep you straight, because you can lick him, which is what they mean by being of age, then the law becomes your poppy, because it isn't so easy to lick the law. The law, then, allows you a wife; but the law allows it in moderation, like any thing else. Walloping her is one of the little fondlings of the connubibal state; but if it isn't done within doors, and without a noise, like taking a drop too much, why then it ain't moderation, and the law steps in to stop intemperate amusements. Why don't you buy a digestion of the laws, so as to know what's right and what's wrong? It's all sot down."

"The law's a fool, and this isn't the first time I've thought so by a long shot. If it wasn't for the law, and for being married, a man might get along well enough. But now, first your wife aggrawates you, and then the law aggrawates you. I'm in a state of aggrawation."

"That all comes from your not knowing law—them that don't know it get aggrawated by it, but them that does know it only aggrawates other people. But you ignorant-ramusses are always in trouble, 'specially if you're

married. What made you get married if you don't like it?"

"Why, I was deluded into it—fairly deluded. I had nothing to do of evenings, so I went a courting. Now, courting's fun enough—I haven't got a word to say agin courting. It's about as good a way of killing an evening as I know of. Wash your face, put on a clean dicky, and go and talk as sweet as nugey or molasses candy for an hour or two—to say nothing of a few kisses behind the door, as your sweetheart goes to the step with you. The fact is, I've quite a taste and a genus for courting—it's all sunshine, and no clouds."

"Well, if you like it so, why didn't you stick to it; it's easy enough; court all the time, like two pretty people in a pickter."

"Not so easy as you think for; they won't let a body court all the time—that's exactly where the mischief lies. If you say A, they'll make you say B. The young 'uns may stand it because they're bashful sometimes, but the old ladies always interfere, and make you walk right straight up to the chalk, whether or no. Marry or cut stick—you mustn't stand in other people's moonshine. That's the way they talked to me, and druv' me right into my own moonshine. They said marrying was fun!—pooty fun to be sure!"

"Well, Gammy, I see clear enough you're in a scrape; but it's a scrape accordin' to law, and so you can't help your sad sitivation. You must make the best of it. Better go home and pacify the old lady—larrupings don't do any good as I see—they're not wholesome food for anybody except hosses and young children"—and Montezuma yawned drearily as if anxious to terminate the colloquy.

"The fact is, Montey—to tell you a secret—I've a

great mind to walk off. I hate domestic uneasiness, and there's more of that at my house than there is of eatables and drinkables by a good deal. I should like to leave it behind me. A man doesn't want much when he gets experience and comes to look at things properly—he learns that the vally of wives and other extras is tantamount to nothing—it's only essentials he cares about. Now I'm as hungry as a poor box, and as thirsty as a cart load of sand—not for water, though; that's said to be good for navigation and internal improvements, but it always hurts my wholesome, and I'm principled against using the raw material—it's bad for trade. I can't go home, even if there was any use in it; and so I believe I'll emigrate—I'll be a sort of pinioneer, and fly away."

"It can't be allowed, Gammy Gambril. If you try it and don't get off clear, the law will have you as sure as a gun—for this 'ere is one of them 'are pints of law what grabs hold of you strait—them husbands as cut stick must be made examples on. If they wasn't, all the hebiddies in town would be cutting stick. To allow such cuttings up and such goings on is taking the mortar out of society and letting the bricks tumble down. Individuals must sometimes keep in an uneasy posture, for the good of the rest of the people. The world's like a flock of sheep, and if one runs crooked all the rest will be sure to do the same."

Gamaliel elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders in contempt at the application of the abstract principle to his individual case, and then reverted to his original train of thought. After rising to his feet, he turned his eyes upward and struck a classical attitude.

"Marrying fun!" ejaculated he—"yes, pooty fun! very pooty!"

"Keep a goin' ahead," said Montezuma Dawkins,

poking him with a stick,—"talk as you go, and let's hear the rights of it."

"When I was a single man, the world wagged along well enough. It was jist like an omnibus: I was a passenger, paid my levy, and hadn't nothing more to do with it but sit down and not care a button for any thing. S'posing the omnibus got upsot—well, I walks off, and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But then I must take a wife and be hanged to me. It's all very well for a while; but afterwards, it's plaguy like owning an upsot omnibus."

"'Nan?" queried Montezuma—"What's all that about omnibusses?"

"What did I get by it?" continued Gamaliel, regardless of the interruption. "How much fun?—why a jawing old woman and three squallers. Mighty different from courting that is. What's the fun of buying things to eat and things to wear for them, and wasting good spreeing money on such nonsense for other people? And then, as for doing what you like, there's no such thing. You can't clear out when people's owing you so much money you can't stay convenient. No—the nabbers must have you. You can't go on a spree; for when you come home, missus kicks up the devil's delight. You can't teach her better manners—for constables are as thick as blackberries. In short, you can't do nothing. Instead of 'Yes, my duck,' and 'No, my dear,'—'As you please, honey,' and 'When you like, lovey,' like it was in courting times, it's a riglar row at all hours. Sour looks and cold potatoes; children and table-cloths bad off for soap—always darning and mending, and nothing ever darned and mended. If it wasn't that I'm partickelarly sober, I'd be inclined to drink—it's excuse enough. It's heartbreaking, and it's all owing to that I've such a pain in

my gizzard of mornings. I'm so miserable I must stop and sit on the steps."

"What's the matter now?"

"I'm getting aggrawated. My wife's a savin' critter—a sword of sharpness—she cuts the throat of my felicity, stabs my happiness, chops up my comforts, and snips up all my Sunday-go-to-meetings to make jackets for the boys—she gives all the wittels to the children, to make me spry and jump about like a lamp-lighter—I can't stand it—my troubles is overpowering when I come to add 'em up."

"Oh, nonsense! behave nice—don't make a noise in the street—be a man."

"How can I be a man, when I belong to somebody else? My hours ain't my own—my money ain't my own—I belong to four people besides myself—the old woman and them three children. I'm a partnership concern, and so many has got their fingers in the till that I must bust up. I'll break, and sign over the stock in trade to you."

Montezuma, however, declined being the assignee in the case of the house of Gambril, and finally succeeded in prevailing upon him to abandon, at least for the present, his design of becoming a "pinioneer," and to return to his home. But before Gambril closed the door, he popped out his head, and cried aloud to his retiring friend,

"I say, Montezuma Dawkins!—before you go—if you know anybody that wants a family complete to their hands, warranted to scold as loud and as long as any, I'll sell cheap. I won't run away just yet, but I want cash, for I'll have another jollification a New Year's Eve, if I had as many families as I've got fingers and toes!"

THE CROOKED DISCIPLE;

OR, THE PRIDE OF MUSCLE.

NATURE too frequently forgets to infuse the sympathies into the composition of the human race, and hence the world is afflicted with a flood of evils. Imperfect as mankind may be in a physical point of view, their moral defects are immeasurably greater, and these chiefly flow from the dearth of sympathy. Social offences, as well as crimes, are in general born from this cause, and the sins of humanity are to be charged upon selfishness, the weed that chokes all wholesome plants in the garden of the heart, and exhausts the soil. It manifests itself in a variety of ways. In one instance, being combined with other essentials, it makes a mighty conqueror; in another, a petty larcenist; one man beats his wife and sots at an alehouse; another sets the world in a blaze, and dying, becomes the idol of posterity; all from the same cause—a mind concentred on itself.

The forms which govern society were intended to counteract the aforesaid neglect of dame nature, and to keep selfishness in check; it having been early discovered that if every one put his fingers in the dish at once, a strong chance existed that the contents thereof would be spilt, and all would be compelled to go home hungry. It was equally clear that if each individual

tucked up his coat tails, and endeavoured to monopolize the fire, the whole company would be likely to catch cold. The canon was therefore issued that "after you" should be "manners;" and that, however anxious one may be to get the biggest piece, he should not obey the promptings of nature by making a direct grab; but rather effect his object by indirect management—such as placing the desired morsel nearest himself, and then handing the plate—a species of *hocus pocus*, which puts the rest of the company in the vocative, and enables the skill of civilization quietly to effect that which in earlier times could only be accomplished by superior force, and at the hazard of upsetting the table. If sympathy were the growth of every mind, politeness and deference would be spontaneous; but as it is not, a substitute—a sort of wooden leg for the natural one—was invented, and hence "dancing and manners" are a part of refined education. Wine glasses are placed near the decanter, and tumblers near the pitcher, that inclination may receive a broad hint, and that the natural man may not rob the rest of the company of their share of comfort, by catching up and draining the vessels at a draught. Chairs stand near the dinner table to intimate that, however hungry one may be, it is not the thing to jump upon the board, and, clutching the whole pig, to gnaw it as a school-boy does an apple; while plates, with their attendant knives and forks, show that each one must be content with a portion, and use his pickers and stealers as little as possible. To get along smoothly, it was also ordained that we must smile when it would be more natural to tumble the intruder out of the window; and that no matter how tired we may be, we must not, when another is about taking our seat, pull it from under him, and allow him to bump on the floor.

Although education has done much to supply deficiencies, and to make mock sympathy out of calves' heads when the real article is not to be found, yet education, potent as it is, cannot do all things. "Crooked disciples" will exist from time to time, and to prove it, let the story be told of

JACOB GRIGSBY.

Of crooked disciples, Jacob Grigsby is the crookedest. His disposition is twisted like a ram's horn, and none can tell in what direction will be the next turn. He is an independent abstraction—one of that class, who do not seem aware that any feelings are to be consulted but their own, and who take the last bit, as if unconscious that it is consecrated to that useful divinity "manners;" lads, who always run in first when the bell rings, and cannot get their boots off when any body tumbles overboard; who, when compelled to share their bed with another, lie in that engrossing posture called "catty-cornered," and when obliged to rise early, whistle, sing and dance, that none may enjoy the slumbers denied to them;—in short, he strongly resembles that engaging species of the human kind, who think it creditable to talk loud at theatres and concerts, and to encore songs and concertos which nobody else wants to hear. Grigsby was born with the idea that the rest of the world, animate or inanimate, was constructed simply for his special amusement, and that if it did not answer the purpose, it was his indefeasible right to declare war against the offender. When a boy, he was known as a "real limb"—of what tree it is unnecessary to specify. He was an adept in placing musk melon rinds on the pavement for the accommodation of those elderly gentlemen whose skating days were over, and many a staid matron received her most impressive lessons in ground and lofty

tumbling, by the aid of cords which he had stretched across the way. Every child in the neighbourhood learnt to "see London" through his telescope, and he was famous for teaching youngsters to write hog Latin by jerking pens full of ink through their lips. At school he was remarkable for his science in crooking pins, and placing them on the seats of the unsuspicious, and ever since he has continued to be a thorn in the side of those who are unlucky enough to come in contact with him.

Grigsby has now grown to man's estate—a small property in most instances, and in his it must be simply the interest of his whiskers, which extend some inches beyond his nose and chin—he having nothing else clear of embarrassment. He is said to be more of a limb than ever, his unaccommodating spirit having increased with his trunk. The good qualities which were to appear in him are yet in the soil, no sprouts having manifested themselves. He is savagely jocular in general, and jocosely quarrelsome in his cups in particular. He stands like a bramble in life's highway, and scratches the cuticle from all that passes.

This amiable individual is particularly fond of cultivating his physical energies, and one of his chief delights is in the display of his well practised powers. He sometimes awakens a friend from a day dream, by a slap on the shoulder which might be taken for the blow of a cannon ball. His salutation is accompanied by a grasp of your hand, so vigorously given that you are painfully reminded of his affectionate disposition and the strength of his friendship for a week afterwards; and he smiles to see his victims writhe under a clutch which bears no little resemblance in its pressure to the tender embrace of a smith's vice. To this Herculean quality Grigsby always recurs with satisfaction, and indeed it must be

confessed that superiority, either real or imagined, is a great source of pleasure in this mundane sphere. There are few who do not derive satisfaction from believing that, in some respect, they are more worthy than their neighbours—and self-love, if the truth were known, performs many curious operations to enable its possessor to enjoy the delight of thinking that there are points in which he is unsurpassed. Should his countenance be of the most unprepossessing cast, he gazes in the mirror until convinced that whatever is lost in beauty, is gained in expression. Should he have a temper as rash and unreasonable as the whirlwind, it is to him but a proof of superior susceptibility and of an energetic will; if thin, he is satisfied that he possesses a free unencumbered spirit; and if nature has provided him with a superabundance of flesh, he comforts himself with the idea of an imposing aspect, and of being able, physically at least, to make a figure in the world. The melancholy man, instead of charging his nervous system with treachery, or his stomach with disaffection, finds a stream of sunshine in his gloom, from the impression that it is left to him alone to see reality divested of its deceptive hues—and smiles sourly on the merry soul who bears it as if existence were a perpetual feast, and as if he were a butterfly upon an ever-blooming prairie.

The pride of art likewise comes in as a branch of this scheme of universal comfort. The soldier and the politician rejoice in their superior skill in tactics and strategie—and even if foiled, charge the result upon circumstances beyond their control; while even the scavenger plumes himself upon the superior skill and accuracy with which he can execute the fancy work of sweeping round a post: but none feel the pride of which we speak more strongly than those who are addicted to the practice of

gymnastics. They have it in every muscle of their frames; their very coats are buttoned tight across the breast to express it; and it is exhibited on every possible occasion. In their dwellings, wo upon the tables and chairs—and they cannot see a pair of parallels or cross bars without experimenting upon them.

At a period when Grigsby was in the full flush of his gymnastic powers, he returned from a supper late at night, with several companions. After Grigsby had created much polite amusement by torturing several dogs and sundry pigs, they attempted a serenade, but they were not in voice; and after trying a cotillion and a galopade in front of the State House, which were not quite so well executed as might have been desired, they separated, each to his home—if he could get there. Grigsby strolled along humming a tune, until his eye happened to be greeted by the welcome sight of an awning-post. He stopped, and regarded it for a long time with critical gravity.

"This will answer famously," said he. "Tom brags that he can beat me with his arms; but I don't believe it. Any how, his legs are no great shakes. There's no more muscle in them than there is in an unstarched shirt collar; and I don't believe, if he was to practise for ten years, he could hang by his toes, swing up and catch hold. No, that he couldn't; I'm the boy, and I'll exercise at it."

It is however much easier to resolve than to execute. Mr. Grigsby found it impossible to place himself in the requisite antipodean posture.

"Why, what the deuse is the matter? All the supper must have settled down in my toes, for my boots feel heavier than fifty-sixes. My feet are completely obfuscated, while my head is as clear as a bell. But 'never

despair' is the motto—here's at it once more," continued he, making another desperate but ineffectual effort.

An individual with a white hat and with his hands deeply immersed in the pockets of his shooting jacket, now advanced from the tree against which he had been leaning, while chuckling at the doings of Mr. Grigsby.

"Hay, whiskers, what's the fun in doing that, particularly when you can't do it?" said he.

"Can you hang by your toes, stranger? Because if you can, you'll beat Tom, in spite of his bragging."

"I don't believe I can. The fact is, I always try to keep this side up with care. I never could see the use of shaking a man up like a bottle of physic. I can mix myself to my own taste without that."

"You've no taste for the fine arts, whatever you may have for yourself. Gymnastics stir up the sugar of a man's constitution, and neutralize the acids. Without 'em, he's no better than a bottle of pepper vinegar—nothing but sour punch."

"Very likely, but I'll have neither hand nor foot in hanging to an awning-post. If it was like the brewer's horse in Old Grimes, and you could drink up all the beer by turning your head where your feet should be, perhaps I might talk to you about it."

Grigsby, however, by dint of expatiating on the beneficial tendency of gymnastics, at last prevailed upon the stranger to make the attempt.

"Now," said he, "let me bowse you up, and if you can hang by your toes, I'll treat handsome."

"Well, I don't care if I do," replied the stranger with a grin, as he grasped the cross-bar—"hoist my heels and look sharp."

Jacob chuckled as he took the stranger by the boots, intending to give him a fall if possible, and to thrash him

if he grumbled; but the victim's hold was insecure, and he tumbled heavily upon his assistant, both rolling on the bricks together.

"Fire and tow!" ejaculated Grigsby.

"Now we're mixed nicely," grunted the stranger, as he scrambled about. "If any man gets more legs and arms than belong to him, they're mine. Hand over the odd ones, and let's have a complete set."

'This will never do," said Grigsby, after they had regained their feet, and still intent on his design. "It will never do in the world—you're so confoundedly awkward. Come, have at it again; once more and the last."

"Young people," interposed a passing official, "if you keep a cutting didoes, I must talk to you both like a Dutch uncle. Each of you must disperse; I can't allow no insurrection about the premises. If you ain't got no dead-latch key, and the nigger won't set up, why I'll take you to the corporation free-and-easy, and lock you up till daylight, and we'll fetch a walk after breakfast to converse with his honour on matters and things in general."

"Very well," answered Grigsby—"but now you've made your speech, do you think you could hang by your toes to that post?"

"Pooh! pooh! don't be redikalis. When matters is solemn, treat 'em solemn."

"Why, I ain't redikalis—we're at work on science. I'm pretty well scienced myself, and I want to get more so."

"Instead of talking, you'd better paddle up street like a white-head. Go home to sleep like your crony—see how he shins it."

"I will," said Grigsby, who likes a joke occasionally,

and is very good humoured when it is not safe to be otherwise—"I will, if you'll tell me what's the use. In the first place, home's a fool to this—and as for sleeping, it's neither useful nor ornamental."

"Do go, that's a good boy—I don't want to chaw you right up, but I must if you stay."

"I snore when I'm asleep—and when I do, Tom puts his foot out of bed till it's cold, and then claps it to my back. He calls it firing me off on the cold pressure principle."

"What a cruel Tom! But why don't you keep your mouth shut? You should never wear it open when you're asleep."

"If I did, my dreams would get smothered. Besides, I like to look down my throat, to see what I'm thinking about."

"Don't quiz me, young man. Some things is easy to put up with, and some things isn't easy to put up with; and quizzing a dignittery is one of the last. If there is any thing I stands upon, it's dignitty."

"Dignitty made of pipe-stems, isn't it?"

"My legs is pretty legs. They ain't so expressive as some what's made coarser and cheaper; but they're slim and genteel. But legs are neither here nor there. You must go home, sonny, or go with me."

"Well, as I'm rather select in my associations, and never did admire sleeping thicker than six in a bed at the outside, I'll go home, put a woollen stocking on Tom's foot, and take a pint of sleep: I never try more, for my constitution won't stand it. But to-morrow I'll swing by my toes, I promise you."

"Go, then. Less palaver and more tortle."

"*Tortelons nous*—good night; I'm off to my *lit.*"

The *censor morum* wrapping himself in his conse-

quence, paused, looked grave until Grigsby turned the corner, and then, relaxing his *dignitty*, laughed creakingly, like a rusty door.

"Hee! hee! hee!—that's a real fine feller. He's too good for his own good—makes something of a fuss every night—always funny or fighting, and never pays his debts. Hee! hee! hee! a real gentleman—gives me half a dollar a New Year's—a real—past two o'clock and a cloudy morning!—sort of a gentleman, and encourages our business like an emperor, only I haven't got the heart to take advantage of it."

* * * * *

Jacob Grigsby moved homeward, his temper souring as he proceeded and as the pleasant excitement of the evening began to wear off. Some people, by the way, are always good humoured abroad, and reserve their savage traits for home consumption. Of this class is Grigsby.

Where he boards, the rule is to stow thick—three in a bed when the weather is warm, and, in the colder season, by way of saving blankets, four in a bed is the rule. Now, even three in a bed is by no means a pleasant arrangement at the best, when the parties are docile in their slumbers, and lie "spoon fashion," all facing the same way, and it is terrible if one of the triad be of an uneasy disposition. Grigsby's "pardeners," however, are quiet lads, and there is an understanding among the three that turn about shall be the law in regard to the middle place, which therefore falls to his share every third week—one week in, and two weeks out—the soft never to be monopolized by any one individual, and nobody to turn round more than once in the course of the night. Grigsby is borne down by the majority; but when it is his week in, he is worse than the armed rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger, so ferocious are his ebullitions of wrath.

It happened to be his week "in," the thought whereof moved his ire, and he ascended the stairs with the energetic tread of an ox, set fire to the cat's tail with the candle, and poked a long nine down Carlo's throat.

"Ha!" said Jacob, as he kicked open the door, surveyed his sleeping bedfellows, and flashed the light in their eyes—"mighty comfortable that, anyhow; but I'll soon spoil it, or I'm not a true Grigsby."

He put out the light, and in full dress—boots, hat, great coat, body coat, and pantaloons—muddy as he was, scrambled over the bed two or three times, until he established himself in the central station between his comates. He rolled and he tossed, he kicked and he groaned, until the whole concern were as wide awake as himself.

"Why, Jacob, you've got your boots on," said they.

"The fact is, fellows, the cold in my head is getting worse, and sleeping in boots draws down the inflammation. It's a certain cure."

"But you don't intend sleeping with your hat on your head, do you?"

"Didn't I tell you I've got holes in my stockings? If I don't keep my hat on, I'll be sure to have the rheumatism in my big toe."

"Well, we won't stand it, no how it can be fixed."

"Just as you like—go somewhere else—I've no objection. I'm amazing comfortable."

"Why, thunder and fury!" said one, jerking up his leg, "your boots are covered with mud."

"That *are* a fact—you've no idea how muddy the streets are—I'm all over mud—I wish you'd blow up the corporation. But hang it, give us a fip's worth of sheet and a 'levy's worth of blanket. That's the way I like 'em mixed—some lean and a good deal of fat."

So saying, Jacob wound himself up in the bed-clothes

with a prodigious flounder, denuding his companions entirely.

Grigsby's co-mates however, knowing that "who would be free, themselves must strike the blow," declared war against the manifold outrages of their oppressor, and, notwithstanding his gymnastic powers, succeeded in obtaining the mastery. Much enraged, they resolved upon carrying him down stairs and placing him under the hydrant as a punishment for his violations of the social compact, and were proceeding to put their determination in force, when Bobolink and the rest of the boarders, alarmed at the noise, popped out of their chambers.

"What's the fraction—vulgar or decimal?" said Bobolink.

"Vengeance!" panted Grigsby—"revenge! I'm insulted—let me go!"

The cause of quarrel was explained—all cried shame upon Mr. Jacob Grigsby, and Mr. Bobolink constituted himself judge on the occasion.

"They kicked me!" roared the prisoner.

"Yes," replied Bobolink, "but as they hadn't their boots on, it wasn't downright Mayor's court assault and battery—only an insult with intent to hurt—assault and battery in the second degree—a species of accidental homicide. Perhaps you were going down stairs, and they walked too quick after you—toeing it swift, and 'most walked into you. What was it for?"

"Look ye," said Grigsby—"it's very late—yes, it's nearly morning, and I didn't take time to fix myself for a regular sleep, so I turned in like a trooper's horse, and that's the whole matter."

"Like a trooper's horse—how's that?"

"I'll explain," said one of the spectators—"to turn

in like a trooper's horse is to go to bed all standing, ready for a sudden call—parade order—winter uniform—full dress—a very good fashion when you've been out to supper—convenient in case of fire, and saves a deal of trouble in the morning when you're late for breakfast."

"Well, I never heard tell of the likes on the part of a white man. They served you right, and my judgment is, as you won't be quiet, that you be shut in the back-cellar till breakfast time. I'm not going to have any more row. If you don't like it, you can appeal afterwards."

"Never heerd the likes!" said Jacob contemptuously; "ain't a bed a bed—ain't my share of it, my share of it?—and where's the law that lays down what sort of clothes a man must sleep in? I'll wear a porcupine jacket, and sleep in it too, if I like—yes, spurs, and a trumpet, and a spanner."

"Put him in the cellar," was the reply, and in spite of his struggles the sentence was laughingly enforced.

"Bobolink, let's out, or I'll burst the door—let's out—I want vengeance!"

"Keep yourself easy—you can't have any vengeance till morning. Perhaps they'll wrap some in a bit of paper, and keep it for you."

But in the morning Grigsby disappeared, and returned no more.

FYDGET FYXINGTON.

THE illustrious Pangloss, who taught the metaphysico-theologo-cosmolo-nigology at the Westphalian chateau of the puissant Baron Thundertentronckh, held it as a cardinal maxim of his philosophy, *que tout est au mieux;* that "it's all for the best." Pangloss was therefore what is called an optimist, and discontent—to use the favourite word of the slang-whangers—was repudiated by him and his followers. This doctrine, however, though cherished in the abstract, is but little practised out of the domain of Thundertentronckh. The world is much more addicted to its opposite. "All's for the worst" is a very common motto, and under its influence there are thousands who growl when they go to bed, and growl still louder when they get up; they growl at their breakfast, they growl at their dinner, they growl at their supper, and they growl between meals. Discontent is written in every feature of their visage; and they go on from the beginning of life until its close, always growling, in the hope of making things better by scaring them into it with ugly noises. These be your passive grumbletonians. When the castle was on fire, Sir Abel Handy stood wringing his hands, in expectation that the fire would be civil enough to go out of itself. So is it with the passive. He would utter divers maledictions upon the heat, but would sit still to see if the flame could not be scolded into going out of itself.

The active grumbletonians, however, though equally opposed in practice to the metaphysico-theologo-cosmolo-nigology, are a very different race of mortals from the passives. The world is largely indebted to them for every comfort and convenience with which it abounds; and they laugh at the inquiry whether their exertions have conduced to the general happiness, holding it that happiness consists chiefly in exertion—to which the passives demur, as they look back with no little regret to the lazy days of pastoral life, when Chaldean shepherds lounged upon the grass. The actives are very much inclined to believe that whatever is, is wrong; but then they have as an offset, the comfortable conviction that they are able to set it right—an opinion which fire cannot melt out of them. These restless fellows are in a vast majority; and hence it is that the surface of this earthly sphere is such a scene of activity; hence it is that for so many thousand years, the greater part of each generation has been unceasingly employed in labour and bustle; rushing from place to place; hammering, sawing, and driving; hewing down and piling up mountains; and unappalled, meeting disease and death, both by sea and land. To expedite the process of putting things to rights, likewise, hence it is that whole hecatombs of men have been slaughtered on the embattled field, and that the cord, the fagot, and the steel have been in such frequent demand. Sections of the active grumbletonians sometimes differ about the means of making the world a more comfortable place, and time being short, the labour-saving process is adopted. The weaker party is knocked on the head. It saves an incalculable deal of argument, and answers pretty nearly the same end.

But yet, though the world is many years old, and the "fixing process" has been going on ever since it

emerged from chaos, it seems that much remains undone, with less time to do it in. The actives consequently redouble their activity. They have called in the aid of gunpowder and steam, and in this goodly nineteenth century are kicking up such a terrible dust, and are setting things to rights at such a rate, that the passives have no comfort of their lives. Where they herd in nations, as in Mexico, the actives cluster on their borders and set things to rights with the rifle; and when they are solitary amid the crowd, as among us, they are fretted to fiddlestrings, like plodding shaft horses with unruly leaders. They are environed with perils. In one quarter, hundreds of stately mansions are brought thundering to the ground, because the last generation put things to rights in the wrong way, and in another quarter, thousands are going up on the true principle. Between them both, the passive is kept in a constant state of solicitude, and threads his way through piles of rubbish, wearing his head askew like a listening chicken, looking above with one eye, to watch what may fall on him, and looking below with the other, to see what he may fall upon. Should he travel, he is placed in a patent exploding steamboat, warranted to boil a gentleman cold in less than no time; or he is tied to the tail of a big steam kettle, termed a locomotive, which goes sixty miles an hour horizontally, or if it should meet impediment, a mile in half a second perpendicularly. Should he die, as many do, of fixo-phobia, and seek peace under the sod, the spirit of the age soon grasps the spade and has him out to make way for improvement.

The passive grumbletonian is useless to himself and to others: the active grumbletonian is just the reverse. In general, he combines individual advancement with public prosperity; but there are exceptions even in that class—men, who try to take so much care of the world

that they forget themselves, and, of course, fail in their intent.

Such a man is Fydget Fyxington, an amelioration-of-the-human-race-by-starting-from-first-principles-philosopher. Fydget's abstract principle, particularly in matters of government and of morals, is doubtless a sound rule; but he looks so much at the beginning that he rarely arrives at the end, and when he advances at all, he marches backward, his face being directed toward the starting place instead of the goal. By this means he may perhaps plough a straight furrow, but instead of curving round obstructions, he is very apt to be thrown down by them.

Like most philosophers who entertain a creed opposed to that of the illustrious Pangloss, Fydget may be fitly designated as the fleshless one. He never knew the joy of being fat, and is one of those who may console themselves with the belief that the physical sharpness which renders them a walking *chevaux de frise*, and as dangerous to embrace as a porcupine, is but an outward emblem of the acuteness of the mind. Should he be thrust in a crowd against a sulky fellow better in flesh than himself, who complains of the pointedness of his attentions, Fydget may reflect that even so do his reasoning faculties bore into a subject. When gazing in a mirror, should his eye be offended by the view of lantern jaws, and channelled cheeks, and bones prematurely labouring to escape from their cuticular tabernacle, he may easily figure to himself the restless energy of his spirit, which like a keen blade, weareth away the scabbard—he may look upon himself as an intellectual "cut and thrust"—a thinking chopper and stabber. But it may be doubted whether Fydget ever reverts to considerations so purely selfish, except when he finds that the "fine points" of

his figure are decidedly injurious to wearing apparel and tear his clothes.

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Winter ruled the hour when Fydget Fyxington was last observed to be in circulation—winter, when men wear their hands in their pockets and seldom straighten their backs—a season however, which, though sharp and biting in its temper, has redeeming traits. There is something peculiarly exhilarating in the sight of new-fallen snow. The storm which brings it is not without a charm. The graceful eddying of the drifts sported with by the wind, and the silent gliding of the feathery flakes, as one by one they settle upon the earth like fairy creatures dropping to repose, have a soothing influence not easily described, though doubtless felt by all. But when the clouds, having performed their office, roll away, and the brightness of the morning sun beams upon an expanse of sparkling, unsullied whiteness; when all that is common-place, coarse, and unpleasant in aspect, is veiled for the time, and made to wear a fresh and dazzling garb, new animation is felt by the spirit. The young grow riotous with joy, and their merry voices ring like bells through the clear and bracing air; while the remembrance of earlier days gives a youthful impulse to the aged heart.

But to all this there is a sad reverse. The resolution of these enchantments into their original elements by means of a thaw, is a necessary, but, it must be confessed, a very doleful process, fruitful in gloom, rheum, inflammations, and fevers—a process which gives additional pangs to the melancholic, and causes valour's self to droop like unstarched muslin. The voices of the boys are hushed; the whizzing snow-ball astonishes the unsuspicious wayfarer no more; the window glass is per-

mitted to live its brief day, safe from an untimely fracture, and the dejected urchin sneaks moodily from school. So changed is his nature, that he scarcely bestows a derisive grin upon the forlorn sleigh, which ploughs its course through mud and water, although its driver and his passengers invite the jeer by making themselves small to avoid it, and tempt a joke by oblique glances to see whether it is coming.

Such a time was it when Fydget was extant—a sloppy time in January. The city, it is true, was clothed in snow; but it was melancholy snow, rusty and forlorn in aspect, and weeping, as if in sorrow that its original purity had become soiled, stained, and spotted by contact with the world. Its whiteness had in a measure disappeared, by the pressure of human footsteps; wheels and runners had almost incorporated it with the common earth; and, where these had failed in effectually doing the work, remorseless distributers of ashes, coal dust, and potato peelings, had lent their aid to give uniformity to the dingy hue. But the snow, "weeping its spirit from its eyes," and its body too, was fast escaping from these multiplied oppressions and contumelies. Large and heavy drops splashed from the eaves; sluggish streams rolled lazily from the alleys, and the gutters and crossings formed vast shallow lakes, variegated by glaciers and ice islands. They who roamed abroad at this unpropitious time, could be heard approaching by the damp sucking sound which emanated from their boots, as they alternately pumped in and pumped out the water in their progress, and it was thus that our hero travelled, having no caoutchouc health-preservers to shield his pedals from unwholesome contact.

The shades of evening were beginning to thicken, when Fydget stopped shiveringly and looked through the glass

door of a fashionable hotel—the blazing fire and the numerous lights, by the force of contrast, made an outside seat still more uncomfortable.

The gong pealed out that tea was ready, and the lodgers rushed from the stoves to comfort themselves with that exhilarating fluid.

"There they go on first principles," said Fydget Fyxington with a sigh.

"Cla' de kitchen da'," said one of those ultra-aristocratic members of society, a negro waiter, as he bustled past the contemplative philosopher and entered the hotel —"you ought to be gwang home to suppa', ole soul, if you got some—yaugh—waugh!"

"Suppa', you nigga'!" contemptuously responded Fydget, as the door closed—"I wish I was gwang home to suppa', but suppers are a sort of thing I remember a good deal oftener than I see. Every thing is wrong—such a wandering from first principles!—there must be enough in this world for us all, or we wouldn't be here; but things is fixed so badly that I s'pose some greedy rascal gets my share of suppa' and other such elegant luxuries. It's just the way of the world; there's plenty of shares of every thing, but somehow or other there are folks that lay their fingers on two or three shares, and sometimes more, according as they get a chance, and the real owners, like me, may go whistle. They've fixed it so that if you go back to first principles and try to bone what belongs to you, they pack you right off to jail, 'cause you can't prove property. Empty stummicks and old clothes ain't good evidence in court.

"What the deuse is to become of me! Something must—and I wish it would be quick and hurra about it. My clothes are getting to be too much of the summer-house order for the winter fashions. People will soon

see too much of me—not that I care much about looks myself, but boys is boys, and all boys is sassy. Since the weather's been chilly, when I turn the corner to go up town, I feel as if the house had too many windows and doors, and I'm almost blow'd out of my coat and pants. The fact is, I don't get enough to eat to serve for ballast."

After a melancholy pause, Fydget, seeing the coast tolerably clear, walked in to warm himself at the fire in the bar-room, near which he stood with great composure, at the same time emptying several glasses of comfortable compounds which had been left partly filled by the lodgers when they hurried to their tea. Lighting a cigar which he found half smoked upon the ledge of the stove, he seated himself and puffed away much at his ease.

The inmates of the hotel began to return to the room, glancing suspiciously at Fydget's tattered integuments, and drawing their chairs away from him as they sat down near the stove. Fydget looked unconscious, emitting volumes of smoke, and knocking off the ashes with a nonchalant and scientific air.

"Bad weather," said Brown

"I've noticed that the weather is frequently bad in winter, especially about the middle of it, and at both ends," added Green. "I keep a memorandum book on the subject, and can't be mistaken."

"It's raining now," said Griffinhoff—"what's the use of that when it's so wet under foot already?"

"It very frequently rains at the close of a thaw, and it's beneficial to the umbrella makers," responded Green.

"Nothin's fixed no how," said Fydget with great energy, for he was tired of listening.

Brown, Green, Griffinhoff, and the rest started and stared.

"Nothin's fixed no how," continued Fydget rejoicing in the fact of having hearers—"our grand-dads must a been lazy rascals. Why didn't they roof over the side walks, and not leave every thing for us to do? I ain't got no numbrell, and besides that, when it comes down as if raining was no name for it, as it always does when I'm cotch'd out, numbrells is no great shakes if you've got one with you, and no shakes at all if it's at home."

"Who's the indevidjual?" inquired Cameo Calliper, Esq., looking at Fydget through a pair of lorgnettes.

Fydget returned the glance by making an opera glass with each fist, and then continued his remarks: "It's a pity we ain't got feathers, so's to grow our own jacket and trousers, and do up the tailorin' business, and make our own feather beds. It would be a great savin'—every man his own clothes, and every man his own feather bed. Now I've got a suggestion about that—first principles bring us to the skin—fortify that, and the matter's done. How would it do to bile a big kittle full of tar, tallow, beeswax and injen rubber, with considerable wool, and dab the whole family once a week? The young 'uns might be soused in it every Saturday night, and the nigger might fix the elderly folks with a whitewash brush. Then there wouldn't be no bother a washing your clothes or yourself, which last is an invention of the doctor to make people sick, because it lets in the cold in winter and the heat in summer, when natur' says shut up the porouses and keep 'em out. Besides, when the new invention was tore at the knees or wore at the elbows, just tell the nigger to put on the kittle and give you a dab, and you're patched slick—and so that whole mobs of people mightn't stick together like figs, a little sperrits of turpen-

tine or litharage might be added to make 'em dry like a house-a-fire."

"If that fellow don't go away, I'll hurt him," said Griffinhoff *sotto voce.*

"Where's a waiter?" inquired Cameo Calliper edging off in alarm.

"He's crazy," said Green—"I was at the hospital once, and there was a man in the place who—"

"'Twould be nice for sojers," added Fyxington, as he threw away his stump, and very deliberately reached over and helped himself to a fresh cigar, from a number which Mr. Green had just brought from the bar and held in his hand—"I'll trouble you for a little of your fire," continued he, taking the cigar from the mouth of Mr. Green, and after obtaining a light, again placing the borrowed Habana within the lips of that worthy individual, who sat stupified at the audacity of the supposed maniac. Fydget gave the conventional grin of thanks peculiar to such occasions, and with a graceful wave of his hand, resumed the thread of his lecture,—"'Twould be nice for sojers. Stand 'em all of a row, and whitewash 'em blue or red, according to pattern, as if they were a fence. The gin'rals might look on to see if it was done according to Gunter; the cap'ins might flourish the brush, and the corpulars carry the bucket. Dandies could fix themselves all sorts of streaked and all sorts of colours. When the parterials is cheap and the making don't cost nothing, that's what I call economy, and coming as near as possible to first principles. It's a better way, too, of keeping out the rain, than my t'other plan of flogging people when they're young, to make their hides hard and waterproof. A good licking is a sound first principle for juveniles, but they've got a prejudice agin it."

"Waiter!" cried Cameo Calliper.

"Sa!"

"Remove the incumbent—expose him to the atmosphere!"

"If you hadn't said that, I'd wopped him," observed Griffinhoff.

"Accordin' to first principles, I've as good a right to be here as any body," remarked Fydget indignantly.

"Cut you' stick, 'cumbent—take you'sef off, trash!" said the waiter, keeping at a respectful distance.

"Don't come near me, Sip," growled Fydget, doubling his fist—"don't come near me, or I'll develope a first principle and 'lucidate a simple idea for you—I'll give you a touch of natur' without no gloves on—but I'll not stay, though I've a clear right to do it, unless you are able—yes, sassy able!—to put me out. If there is any thing I scorns it's prejudice, and this room's so full of it and smoke together that I won't stay. Your cigar, sir," added Fydget, tossing the stump to Mr. Green and retiring slowly.

"That fellow's brazen enough to collect militia fines," said Brown, "and so thin and bony, that if pasted over with white paper and rigged athwart ships, he'd make a pretty good sign for an oyster cellar."

The rest of the company laughed nervously, as if not perfectly sure that Fydget was out of hearing.

* * * * * *

"The world's full of it—nothin' but prejudice. I'm always served the same way, and though I've so much to do planning the world's good, I can't attend to my own business, it not only won't support me, but it treats me with despise and unbecoming freedery. Now, I was used sinful about my universal language, which every body can understand, which makes no noise, and which don't

convolve no wear and tear of the tongue. It's the patent anti-fatigue-anti-consumption omnibus linguister, to be done by winking and blinking, and cocking your eye, the way the cat-fishes make Fourth of July orations. I was going to have it introduced in Congress, to save the expense of anchovies and more porter; but t'other day I tried it on a feller in the street; I danced right up to him, and began canœuvering my daylights to ask him what o'clock it was, and I'm blow'd if he didn't swear I was crazy, up fist and stop debate, by putting it to me right atween the eyes, so that I've been pretty well bung'd up about the peepers ever since, by a feller too who couldn't understand a simple idea. That was worse than the kick a feller gave me in market, because 'cording to first principles I put a bullowney sassinger into my pocket, and didn't pay for it. The 'riginal law, which you may see in children, says when you ain't got no money, the next best thing is to grab and run. I did grab and run, but he grabb'd me, and I had to trot back agin, which always hurts my feelin's and stops the march of mind. He wouldn't hear me 'lucidate the simple idea, and the way he hauled out the sassinger, and lent me the loan of his foot, was werry sewere. It was unsatisfactory and discombobberative, and made me wish I could find out the hurtin' principle and have it 'radicated."

Carriages were driving up to the door of a house brilliantly illuminated, in one of the fashionable streets, and the music which pealed from within intimated that the merry dance was on foot.

"I'm goin' in," said Fydget—"I'm not afeard—if we go on first principles we ain't afeard of nothin', and since they've monopolized my sheer of fun, they can't do less than give me a shinplaster to go away. My jacket's so wet with the rain, if I don't get dry I'll be sewed up and

have *hic jacket* wrote atop of me, which means defunacted of toggery not imprevious to water. In I go.'

In accordance with this design, he watched his opportunity and slipped quietly into the gay mansion. Helping himself liberally to refreshments left in the hall, he looked in upon the dancers.

"Who-o-ip!" shouted Fydget Fyxington, forgetting himself in the excitement of the scene—"Who-o-ip!" added he, as he danced forward with prodigious vigour and activity, flourishing the eatables with which his hands were crammed, as if they were a pair of cymbals—"Whurro-o-o! plank it down—that's your sort!—make yourselves merry, gals and boys—it's all accordin' to first principles—whoo-o-o-ya—whoop!—it takes us!"

Direful was the screaming at this formidable apparition—the fiddles ceased—the waltzers dropped their panting burdens, and the black band looked pale and aghast.

"Who-o-o-p! go ahead!—come it strong!" continued Fydget.

But he was again doomed to suffer an ejectment.

"Hustle him out!"

"Give us a 'shinplaster' then—them's my terms."

It would not do—he was compelled to retire shinplasterless; but it rained so heavily that, nothing daunted, he marched up the alley-way, re-entered the house through the garden, and gliding noiselessly into the cellar, turned a large barrel over which he found there, and getting into it, went fast asleep "on first principles."

The company had departed—the servants were assembled in the kitchen preparatory to retiring for the night, when an unearthly noise proceeding from the barrel aforesaid struck upon their astonished ears. It was Fydget snoring, and his hearers, screaming, fled.

Rallying, however, at the top of the stairs, they pro-

cured the aid of Mr. Lynx, who watched over the nocturnal destinies of an unfinished building in the vicinity, and who, having frequently boasted of his valour, felt it to be a point of honour to act bravely on this occasion. The sounds continued, and the "investigating committee," with Mr. Lynx as chairman, advanced slowly and with many pauses.

Lynx at last hurriedly thrust his club into the barrel, and started back to wait the result of the experiment. "Ouch!" ejaculated a voice from the interior, the word being one not to be found in the dictionaries, but which, in common parlance, means that a sensation too acute to be agreeable has been excited.

"Hey!—hello!—come out of that," said Lynx, as soon as his nerves had recovered tranquillity. "You are in a bad box whoever you are."

"Augh!" was the response, "no, I ain't—I'm in a barrel."

"No matter," added Lynx authoritatively; "getting into another man's barrel unbeknownst to him in the night-time, is burglary."

"That," said Fydget, putting out his head like a terrapin, at which the women shrieked and retreated, and Lynx made a demonstration with his club—"that's because you ain't up to first principles—keep your stick out of my ribs—I've a plan so there won't be no burglary, which is this—no man have no more than he can use, and all other men mind their own business. Then, this 'ere barrel would be mine while I'm in it, and you'd be asleep—that's the idea."

"It's a logo-fogie!" exclaimed Lynx with horror—"a right down logo-fogie!"

"Ah!" screamed the servants—"a logo-fogie!—how did it get out?—will it bite?—can't you get a gun?"

"Don't be fools—a logo-fogie is a sort of a man that don't think as I do—wicked critters all such sort of people are," said Lynx. "My lad, I'm pretty clear you're a logo-fogie—you talk as if your respect for me and other venerable institutions was tantamount to very little. You're a leveller I see, and wouldn't mind knocking me down flat as a pancake, if so be you could run away and get out of this scrape—you're a 'grarium, and would cut across the lot like a streak of lightning if you had a chance."

"Mr. Lynx," said the lady of the house from the head of the stairs,—she had heard from one of the affrighted maids that a "logo-fogie" had been "captivated," and that it could talk "just like a human"—"Mr. Lynx, don't have any thing to say to him. Take him out, and hand him over to the police. I'll see that you are recompensed for your trouble."

"Come out, then—you're a bad chap—you wouldn't mind voting against our side at the next election."

"We don't want elections, I tell you," said Fydget coolly, as he walked up stairs—"I've a plan for doing without elections, and police-officers, and laws—every man mind his own business, and support me while I oversee him. I can fix it."

Having now arrived at the street, Mr. Lynx held him by the collar, and looked about for a representative of justice to relieve him of his prize.

"Though I feel as if I was your pa, yet you must be tried for snoozling in a barrel. Besides, you've no respect for functionaries, and you sort of want to cut a piece out of the common veal by your logo-fogieism in wishing to 'bolish laws, and policers, and watchmen, when my brother's one, and helps to govern the nation when the

President, the Mayor, and the rest of the day-watch has turned in, or are at a tea-party. You'll get into prison."

"We don't want prisons."

"Yes we do though—what's to become of functionaries if there ain't any prisons?"

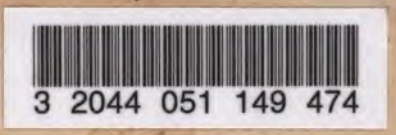
This was rather a puzzling question. Fyxington paused, and finally said:

"Why, I've a plan."

"What is it, then—is it logo-fogie?"

"Yes, it upsets existing institutions," roared Fyxington, tripping up Mr. Lynx, and making his escape—the only one of his plans that ever answered the purpose.

THE END.



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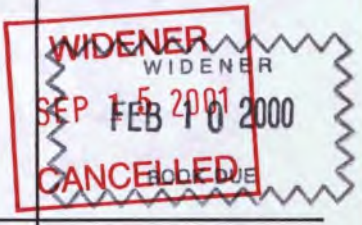

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